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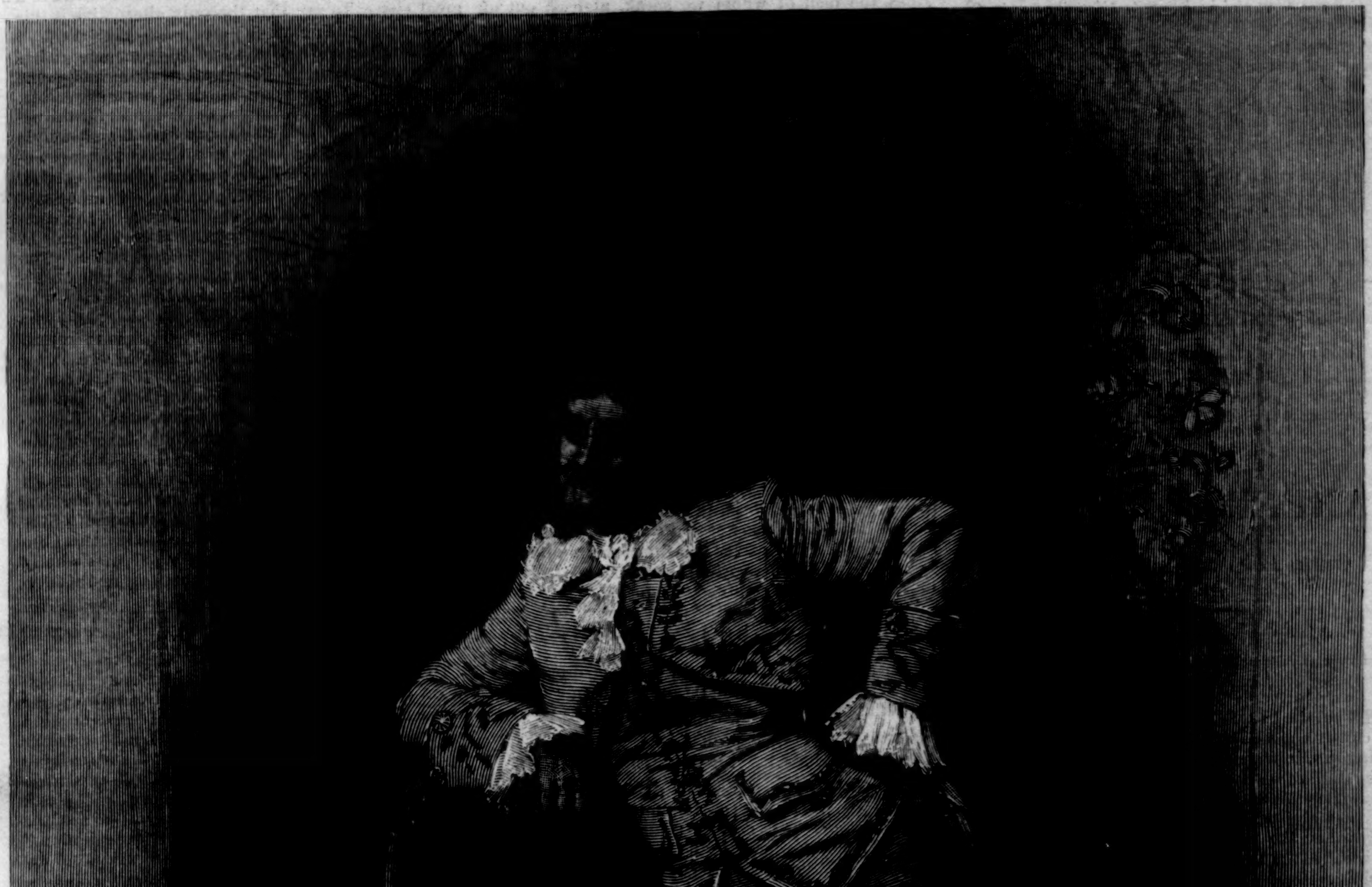

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WITH

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE political campaign of the autumn in Massachusetts opened by a speech from President ELIOT, of Harvard, in which he said that although formerly a Republican, he had joined the Democratic party, because he was not a protectionist, because he thought its late administration more favorable to civil service reform than the present Republican administration, and because the Republican party had degraded the pension system, while a Democratic President had tried to restore it to an honorable standing. It was a vigorous, direct, and courageous speech, and produced a great impression. Mr. AUGUSTUS RUSS, a lawyer of eminence in Boston, and a Republican, has written a letter in which he says that he shall vote with neither party this year, and thinks that ten or twenty thousand Republicans ought to join him in administering a rebuke to the party with which he and they have been so long affiliated. It will be said, of course, by the party organs that Mr. RUSS's vote counts exactly one and no more. But that gibe cannot satisfy intelligent Republicans. When old and faithful Republicans who are not office-seekers or politicians, men who give character and weight to the party, are steadily withdrawing from it, like President ELIOT, or refusing to support it, like Mr. RUSS, and when not only is there no corresponding accession to it of men of similar character and intelligence from the Democratic side, but when, on the contrary, young men of strong convictions, of earnest character, and of generous enthusiasm tend to the Democratic rather than to the Republican party, it is not enough merely to say with Senator SHERMAN that "the Republican party is and always has been the party of progress." The simple answer to the Senator is that the attitude of men like President ELIOT, Mr. RUSS, and hundreds of others in Massachusetts alone shows that while Mr. SHERMAN says so, they do not think so.

It is undoubtedly true that the Republican party was "the party of great moral ideas," and that the weight of character and patriotism twenty-five years ago was with it. But it is equally unquestionable that a notable change has occurred, and that the party leadership is not that of LINCOLN, SUMNER, SEWARD, CHASE, and ANDREW, but of very different men, and that the party objects and tone are as signally changed as its leadership. Senators EDMUNDS and HOAR, indeed, are still Republican Senators of the old party character and ability. But when practical leadership—the actual management and direction of the party—is in question, it is not they, but QUAY, CLARKSON, CHANDLER, DUDLEY, INGALLS, PLATT, and MAHONE who appear. Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a conspicuous Republican in New York; Mr. SHERMAN ROGERS is one of the ablest and truest of old-fashioned Republicans. But could it be said that they are truer representatives of the party feeling and tendency and course in that State than Messrs. PLATT and HISCOCK, or that there is a common ground of political principle and practical methods for Messrs. ROGERS and ROOSEVELT and Messrs. PLATT and HISCOCK? The facts which answer such questions are not disposed of by a sweeping generalization that the Republican party is the party of progress. Are President ELIOT, Mr. RUSS, and those who with them have renounced or are renouncing the party name less friendly to progress, to reform, to honest government, than when they were proud of the name?

It is no reply to say that at least Republicans are as good as Democrats, because, generally, like Mr. RUSS, the men of whom we speak, at least out of Massachusetts, are not Democrats, and act and vote independently of party mandates. Mr. EVARTS once compared a choice between parties to a choice between a horse lame in two legs and a horse lame in three. Mr. RUSS says if that is the alternative I will go afoot, and there is a goodly number of pedestrians with him. He says, in a very crisp and conclusive way, that the Republican party and its candidate last year made distinct and definite pledges in regard to the civil service which have been notoriously broken, and he asks in Boston, as Mr. BONAPARTE, another Republican, asks in Baltimore, "Is there any reason why the pledge of a party and the promise of the head of that party should be less sacred than the obligations of men to each other in the ordinary affairs of life?" Is that question answered by saying that the Republican is the party of progress? What are we, the Republican voters, to vote for? asks Mr. RUSS. "Is it solely to perpetuate a dynasty of Republican office-holders?" When he is told that he is not to expect perfection in parties and politicians, Mr. RUSS remarks that when President CLEVELAND yielded as President HARRISON yields to his party spoilsmen, Senator HOAR did not say that perfection was not to be expected, but rebuked him with scathing condemnation. But no Republican Senator scathes President HARRISON. And Mr. RUSS adds, "Let the leaders who dare not rebuke a President who thus violates his obligations feel the disappointment of defeat." He holds that the cause to which the party vowed allegiance "has been betrayed by its leaders." But he thinks that the party is still true, and should chastise its leaders by defeat. If, however, instead of chastising, it commends and supports them, the prospects of "reform within the party" will certainly be dim.

THE PARK AND THE FAIR.

THE General Committee of the great Fair have adopted the report of the Committee on Site and Buildings, and have decided to use Central Park if they wish, and can procure the repeal of the law prohibiting such use. Meanwhile they will use their decision as a menace to neighboring property holders who may demand a high price for their land, and "in a remote contingency the use of the North Meadow might also be deemed necessary for such purposes as would not interfere with its landscape features." It is greatly to be regretted that a proposition which is in itself contrary to a law enacted for the express purpose of preventing such propositions, and which in its very terms shows that the committee is conscious of its essential impropriety, should have been adopted. Its first announcement a month ago produced so strong an expression of disapproval from a very large and intelligent body of citizens and from the press, especially that which is distinctively devoted to the consideration of landscape art and the character and value of public grounds, that it was hoped the project would be so far modified as to place the seizure of any part of the Park beyond question. It was the more to be wished because the precedent of such uses of great public gardens and parks is now to be determined. If after the present general discussion and intelligent protest Central Park is to be perverted to the uses of a great Fair, it can be done only by the repeal of the law, and the repeal will be justly accepted as the final abandonment of all similar public grounds to such purposes.

This is a very serious public question. The treatment of the Battery and of the City Hall Park shows how little clear conception there is of the true value of such reservations, and it is all the more incumbent, therefore, upon those who respect the purpose and influence of a noble public work like the Central Park to withstand in every honorable and reasonable way any attempt to despoil it under any plea of temporary convenience. The prestige and the advantages of a great Fair of the kind proposed are undeniable. But they should not induce intelligent citizens to acquiesce in the prostitution of the Park to purposes wholly foreign to its nature and character. As it stands it is the growth of thirty years of devoted, intelligent, and munificent care directed to the production of a magnificent public pleasure-ground. Nobody questions the inevitable results of now opening it for the uses of a Fair. The cautious, deprecating, hesitating, apologetic tone of the committee; the constant suggestion that perhaps it may not be necessary, that only a little will be probably required, that even if used it will not be seriously or permanently injured—all show that the committee know as well as the opponents of the scheme that it involves results which must be injurious, and which may be fatal. As *Garden and Forest* points out, if there be not public spirit enough to save the Park from partial spoliation, it could not be expected to insist upon its restoration after the precedent of its misuse had been once established.

In its complete and untouched beauty the Park would be an attraction to the multitude of strangers only second to the great Fair itself. But the very part which it is proposed to use is of unequalled charm as an exquisite rural retreat in the centre of a great city. To say that the only alternative is this site including the Park or no Fair is to urge the kind of final alternative with which long experience has made us familiar. "This way or not at all" is the usual reply to arguments which are not answerable. That the area of the Park is not essential for the accommodation of the Fair appears from the report. It says that while the committee wishes to avoid encroaching upon the Park, the cost of land outside, not the necessity of space, may make it necessary. But if it is a question of expense merely, the committee will perceive that to place the whole Fair in the Park would save all cost of land whatever. The committee cannot fairly expect that those who understand the value of a great park in a great city, who appreciate the power of a fatal precedent, and who know that to seize any part of the Park is to imperil the whole, will favor the repeal of the law which now protects the Park from spoliation. Nothing can be done until the repeal, and pending that action the unanimity of local sentiment, which was the first result to secure in order to influence the favor of Congress, is impracticable. So long as the Park is threatened, New York cannot and will not make a united appeal to Congress. It is not a question of indifference to the Fair, but of the final settlement of the principle which is now embodied in the law that Central Park shall not be invaded for purposes wholly foreign to those for which it has been created at enormous cost and unremitting care.

PROGRESS AND THE POST.

UNDER this title the late Postmaster-General DICKINSON contributes an interesting and valuable paper to the *North American Review*. It asserts what his predecessor Mr. JAMES and the late Postmaster PEARSON of New York had felt to be the necessity—and, we believe, had considered a method—of a thorough reorganization of the whole national postal system, in order, as Mr. DICKINSON says, "to suit the entire change in conditions since its organization." When the department was organized the total expenditure was less than ninety thousand dollars a year. For the year ending with the next month of June the gross expenditure is estimated at nearly sixty-seven millions. There will then be about sixty thousand post-offices. The cost of our service is about double that of Great Britain and France combined, exclusive of the cost of their telegraph service. It is twelve to fifteen millions more than that of the German service, including the telegraph. We handle more than double the pieces of mail matter of Germany and France combined, and over a million and a quarter of pieces more than Great Britain. For the year ending last June, not including carrier routes in cities, the length of our mail routes was four hundred and three thousand nine hundred and seventy-six miles, while those of Germany were eighty-six thousand, of Great Britain forty-five thousand, and of France sixty-six thousand miles. For the same period our mail transportation service covered more than two hundred and eighty-seven millions of miles.

These are truly American figures, and so are the eight millions appropriated by Congress for the free delivery service. The post-office is, above all, the people's department, and the record of its annual transactions in the most concise form requires an octavo volume of one thousand pages. It is the department of the greatest possible diffusion and detail of service, yet its supervision is concentrated in the Postmaster-General at Washington. It is a charge so overwhelming that its proper fulfilment deprives that officer of all opportunity for attendance to the higher duties of his office in devising policies and systems of administration, negotiating foreign conventions, aiding Congress in postal legislation, the general supervision of division chiefs, providing for the transportation of great through mails, etc., etc. The necessity of the situation, therefore, is a well-considered distribution of the powers and responsibilities of the post office establishment. This might be arranged upon the basis of territorial divisions, to be adjusted perhaps by the annual money value of postal transactions. The heads of such divisions should reside [illegible] their respective districts, and they should have the powers and responsibilities in such districts which are now devolved upon the Postmaster-General, except such as relate to the more universal interests of the country, which should be reserved expressly for that officer.

Together with this must be considered reformed legislation for carrying the mails, and for the proper exercise of the Congressional authority to establish and control post-roads. The power to prevent competition in carrying the mails would be of little avail without the authority to fix the rates of compensation for carriage, and to require and compel the service of such common carriers as are within the range of the sovereign power of control and regulation. Of the constitutionality of such power there is no question, and of the necessity of its efficient exercise there is no doubt. The proposition of the late Postmaster-General is of the highest importance. It is a subject which in its various aspects has received a great deal of thoughtful attention, of which the paper of Mr. R. H. DANA read at the late meeting of the Reform League is an illustration. When Congress shall address itself to action, which cannot be long deferred, one of the most vital considerations in a system of reorganization will be the method of appointment of the host of postmasters. Public opinion will probably demand in the public interest that such appointments shall be determined by other than partisan considerations and personal favor, and when the post-office ceases to be a huge and omnipresent party machine, the system of appointment which now degrades the service and disgraces the American name will have met its Waterloo.

PROSPECTS OF BALLOT REFORM.

THE nomination of Mr. SAXTON for State Senator in New York secures in the Legislature the presence of the champion of ballot reform, and promises the introduction of a reform bill just as the value of the reformed system has been demonstrated. In Connecticut it is universally agreed that even the modified law of that State was of the greatest service at the late election in securing an honest result. In Iowa both parties have declared for the reform, and in New York the labor unions are beginning to favor it, and it has had no more constant or cogent advocate than HENRY GEORGE. As Senator ALLISON said, in a recent speech in Iowa, ballot reform means "restraints upon fraudulent or compulsory voting." That is a crisp and admirable description of its purpose and scope, and who can be more interested in it than wage-earners of all kinds, whose vote is thus protected from supervision? The Senator asked, "Who is against any and every available method of purifying the ballot?" He did not answer his own question. But the answer is obvious. The great body of trading politicians, and of public and private employers who wish for their own interest to maintain certain policies and secure the election of certain candidates, are resolutely against every available method of purifying the ballot.

The sudden and general extension of the demand for a ballot law to secure the liberty of the voter is one of the most striking signs of the healthy condition of the public mind. The law in various forms has been already passed in many States, and there has been a very general expression of favorable opinion in the party platforms. The chief points of the scheme, as will be remembered, are the public printing and supply of ballots, the secret selection by the voter of the candidates whom he will support, and the inability of "bosses" and "heelers" to know for whom the voter votes. These results are all secured by very simple means, which have been found entirely practicable, and the law thus strikes a deadly blow at the commonest and cheapest form of bribery, that of buying votes at the polls. When the buyer must trust the word of the bought, and has no means of verifying it, he will abandon that form of the trade. He is very simply but completely "dished." An essential condition of the efficiency of the reformed method, of course, is the exclusive use of ballots printed by public authority, and it was at this point that Governor HILL's veto of the New York bill was naturally directed. Politicians of the Governor's kind are less interested in honest voting than in electing certain men or carrying certain measures, although the honesty of the vote is always the vital consideration in an election.

Even Governor HILL'S Convention, however, in New York, declared for such changes in the election laws "as will more effectually promote the secrecy of the ballot, stop corruption at the polls, and prevent the intimidation of electors." But as such a bill was passed last winter, and vetoed by the Governor, the platform further says that the law must be a "reasonable and practical measure which is free from constitutional and radical defects." Of this freedom the Governor will be the judge. Whatever, therefore, may be the Democratic attitude upon the question elsewhere, he would be a very sanguine citizen in New York who should expect Governor HILL to approve a bill which would rigorously secure honest voting. But should the Republicans carry the Legislature, we trust that Mr. SAXTON will put the Governor to the test.

OHIO POLITICS.

THE political campaign in Ohio this year is an extraordinary exchange of personal charges of dishonesty and other disreputable conduct. This is so fierce that it seems already, and before the election of a Legislature, to have consumed Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD'S chances of an election to the Senate. He has been completely outwitted by superior cunning in his own game of defamation, and after publishing fac-similes of the signature of the Democratic candidate, to prove him worthy of public contempt, and drive him from the canvass, Mr. HALSTEAD has been obliged to confess, which he does in the fullest and manliest way, that the signature is a forgery, and that he has been deceived.

This is the kind of politics which is to be expected in a State where Governor FORAKER sets the political fashions. But it is in vain, except in Senator SHERMAN'S assertion that the Republican is the party of progress, and in Mr. McKINLEY'S high-tariff arguments, that any proper political allegation or discussion is to be sought in the Ohio campaign, and the Republican Philadelphia *Ledger* says that even Senator SHERMAN raises dead issues. In such a promiscuous tumult the crowning joke is the solemn assertion that every patriotic and sensible man will select his party and stand by it. We think, rather, that he will select honest candidates and stand by them.

AN ELECTION JOKE.

ONE of the amusing episodes of the present political campaign is the resolution of the Harlem Democratic Club, which admirably denounces the abuse of assessing candidates, and in the same admirable strain proceeds:

> "This club defrays the election expenses of its candidate for Assembly as a protest against the evil here set forth, and calls upon a self-governing people to sustain a policy so manifestly in their own interest. An accurate account of the expenditure of the sum subscribed by the members of this club for this purpose will be rendered immediately after election day, verified as to every detail, in the hope that the example thus set will hereafter compel similar action from all political organizations. Ballot reform is a recognized necessity. Freedom of elections depends upon the secrecy of the ballot. A law should be passed which will enable the voter to prepare and cast his ballot unwatched and unawed by the 'boss,' the 'heeler,' or the employer. Our candidate, if elected, will insist upon a measure adopted by this club involving this reform."

This is amusing, because the club approves Governor HILL and his State ticket, although it is a very general conviction that Governor HILL is himself the difficulty which is to be reformed. The aims and the methods of the Harlem Democratic Club do not "consist."

A CONSTANT DANGER.

THE late horrible death of the line-man who fell among the electric wires in Chambers Street was a deep disgrace to the city, of which the Mayor showed a just consciousness by his peremptory order to remove the wires which were not properly insulated. This prompt and proper action was met by the companies, which procured an injunction to prevent the removal, and to keep open the chances of sudden and fearful death for the men employed upon the wires as well as of passers in the street. If the laws afford these men and the community no relief from this palpable danger, it is high time that effective legislation upon the subject should be obtained.

But there is another view. An electric light company is not an abstraction. It is an association of citizens, each one of whom knows what a peril to human life these wires in this city have proved to be. Whether such citizens are ignorant of the force with which they undertake to deal, or are incapable of managing it with proper security to the lives of workmen and other citizens, they cannot be blind to the fact that immense and needless suffering has been caused by it within the year. Had proper precautions been taken, the latest tragedy and all the other similar catastrophes would not have occurred. Somebody is responsible for the cruel death of FEEKS. Does not the responsibility lie, not with an abstraction, but with the individuals who resist proper safeguards for the deadly wires?

There was a just public feeling of indignation with the action of the officers of the companies who resisted by an injunction the wholesome order of the Mayor. They urged that it endangered their property. But their property endangers the lives of the people. Men cannot conceal their personal responsibility by hiding it in the name of a company or of a board of officers. The public common-sense, familiar with the facts, justly holds those who resist the proper protection of human life from electric wires morally responsible for such fearful tragedies as the death of FEEKS.

MR. BANCROFT'S "VAN BUREN."

THE financial troubles arising from General JACKSON'S war upon the Bank of the United States and the crash of 1837 produced a peculiar bitterness in the Whig estimate of MARTIN VAN BUREN. In the Whig tradition he was a political fox, a wily intriguer, a plausible and unscrupulous politician without principle, and with no real claim to statesmanship. This view largely prevailed until the publication, about a quarter of a century ago, of VAN BUREN'S *History of the Origin of Parties in the United States*, which showed other qualities than those usually attributed to him. The publication last year of Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD'S memoir in the "American Statesmen Series" tended to confirm this impression, which, so far as public ability is concerned, is enhanced by Mr. BANCROFT'S new work upon VAN BUREN'S public career.

Mr. BANCROFT'S work, however, is new only to the public. It was written many years ago, at the request of SILAS WRIGHT, and was seen and approved as to the statement of facts by VAN BUREN himself. It is very brief, but it is the work of an eminent public man, a profound student of history and public affairs, who holds strong and confirmed political principles of the same general character as those of VAN BUREN. The memoir is a lucid sketch of VAN BUREN'S public life, from its beginning in 1809 until the end of his official career in 1841. It represents him as a singularly able, discreet, and unwavering representative and advocate of what are called Jeffersonian principles. He was a leader in defence and support of the war of 1812; he opposed the political power of banks and money; he saved from delay if not defeat the project of the Erie Canal; he led the State Constitutional Convention of 1821 in the extension of the suffrage; in Congress he resisted the tendency to engage in internal improvements by national authority as dangerous and unconstitutional centralization; he was jealous of the extension of judicial authority; and finally, as President, amid unprecedented excitement and general commercial disaster, he found a solution of difficulties in the creation of the Sub-Treasury.

It is the portrait of a very able statesman, of strong convictions, of great information and experience, and of complete self-possession that Mr. BANCROFT draws. He touches very lightly, however, upon VAN BUREN'S relation to the great controversy of slavery, which was not fully developed in his official time, and was superseded by the financial crisis. Had he brought the memoir to the end of VAN BUREN'S life, his biographer would have found it necessary to explain how a statesman who was in full accord with the sentiment of his party upon the subject of slavery until 1848, but then found its position so repugnant to him that he sought its defeat as an antislavery candidate for the Presidency, returned in 1852, '56, and '60 to its support. The book is exceedingly interesting. It is a luminous narrative of a public career perfectly consistent within the limits of official activity, which is the biographer's purpose, and it rescues a President's memory from a belittling tradition.

PERSONAL.

THE right side of the face of Governor GORDON, of Georgia, is badly disfigured by a sabre cut which he received at the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House, where he commanded a brigade under General LEE. The enemy held an important position, and General GORDON was ordered to take it. He led a successful assault, but came out of it with a bad wound.

—The late DAVID CLARK, of Hartford, Connecticut, was well known for his philanthropy. At the time of his death thirteen college students were receiving aid from him, and many religious and charitable institutions were the objects of his generosity. During the war many soldiers and their families were helped by him, and he gave thirty officers the swords they carried.

—A necklace composed of tigers' claws mounted in diamonds is the favorite ornament of Lady MARIE EDE VON AMELINE, the famous tiger huntress. She killed with her own hand the four beasts from whose claws her unique piece of jewelry is made, and preserves their skins as rugs. She is now travelling in America, as is another huntress, Lady EVA WYNDHAM LINN, who claims to have slain six man-eaters during a visit to her uncle, the Governor of Nepaul.

—Wisconsin boasts a whole family of lawyers. The father, mother, and eldest daughter are established practitioners, while the two younger daughters are preparing themselves to be admitted to the bar by taking the law course at the State University. The three girls are all under twenty-one, and are said to be possessed of more than an ordinary share of good looks.

—A Pennsylvanian, JOHN HINTON, who forty years ago was a friendless orphan boy in Westmoreland County, is now one of the most trusted officers in the army of the Ameer of Afghanistan. Having learned the arts of war as a soldier and Indian fighter in this country, and then under the British flag in India, he finally drifted to Afghanistan and became a successful merchant. Then he helped suppress a local rebellion which the Ameer had found dangerous, and that gave him his present prestige.

—Among New York's car-drivers is WILLIAM M. BAIRD, an ex-Speaker of the New Jersey Legislature.

—Fortune-seekers will be interested to learn that Señorita YSABEL EXCHEQUEREN, of Mazatlan, Mexico, daughter of a wealthy Castilian who has made millions in mining, will one of these days inherit at least $25,000,000 from her father's great property. She is seventeen years old and a demi-blonde, while her dresses and diamonds are the envy of her associates.

—Miss KATE FIELD thinks of starting a newspaper in Washington early next year, if her friends are willing to put money into the rather hazardous venture. Her plan is to have a weekly that deals with politics, literature, art, society, business, amusements, etc., in a purely original way, without simply mirroring public opinion.

—A second CHRISTINE NILSSON has appeared, who is also a Norwegian and a singer. While not comparable as yet to her famous namesake, she is said to possess a remarkable voice, which in many respects resembles that of LUCCA.

—Among the valuable jewels of which Madame WYSE BONAPARTE DE RUTE was recently robbed was a pearl valued at $12,500, which had been presented to Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE by the Queen of Spain, at whose court he was ambassador.

—The last of the old stage-drivers who took their stages over the famous old route between Lancaster, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine, is STEPHEN J. SEAVEY, who is a hale, hearty man yet. He was an excellent type of his class, equally admirable at handling whip and reins and in spinning a yarn. He still delights to give amateurs points in the management of four-in-hands, and boasts of having driven Artemus Ward when he was starting out in the world to seek his fortune as a printer's devil in the office of the Lancaster *Democrat*.

—Mr. GLADSTONE'S large private library, said to be one of the finest in England, serves as a lending library to any one in the neighborhood of Hawarden who chooses to apply for a book. The only rule Mr. GLADSTONE makes is that no borrower shall retain a volume more than a month—a regulation made necessary by a practice some persons observed of keeping books an indefinite length of time.

—At the Exposition Universelle of 1889, held at Paris, the highest award to any author of juvenile books was given to THOMAS W. KNOX, author of the "Boy Traveller Series" and other works for young people.

—Rowing men and canoeists the world over will be sorry to learn that the chief of modern 'Varsity strokes and the father of the cruising canoe are in a critical condition of health. Mr. J. MACGREGOR, captain of the Royal Canoe Club of London, the original Rob Roy of Holy Land and Baltic fame, has not attended a club meeting in twelve months. A private letter from one of his friends informs us that he is suffering from decay of the brain. Dr. S. D. D. DARBISHIRE, the "Bob" Cook of old England, the stroke of the Oxford crew that beat Harvard in 1869, is suffering from a break-down of his nervous system, and his doctor says that nothing can be done for him except to make him take a prolonged rest. Each of these sufferers is in England an accepted exponent and authority in the sport with which their names are identified.

REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF VALUES SINCE THE TIMES OF THE DUTCH.

THE increase of real estate values on Manhattan Island since the purchase and settlement by the Dutch is a theme to which the average New-Yorker gives very little thought. Yet its history records such marvellous changes that the transformations effected by Aladdin's lamp are commonplace beside them. The wonder lies not alone in the twelve-story monuments to business necessity that have arisen from the midst of unsightly swamps, nor is it in the stately palaces that rear their heads where barren and rocky hills once kept vigil undisturbed and shunned. A latter-day miracle has been wrought on the land that Peter Minuit bought from the Indians two hundred and sixty years ago for twenty-four dollars. This land, with the improvements upon it, represents to-day a valuation of *fifteen hundred millions of dollars.*

It was in 1626 that Minuit, the first Director-General of the Dutch West India Company, made this thrifty purchase from the Manhattese Indians. The price paid was about two and a half mills an acre, and some of it has recently sold for more than one hundred dollars a square foot. The area of the island at that time was something over ten thousand acres, and this was the extent of the purchase, though the popular belief is that Minuit bought twenty-two thousand acres, and this belief has been fostered by the errors of historians and others who have had occasion to write or speak of the matter. Manhattan Island to-day contains twelve thousand four hundred and thirty-two acres, and of this area over two thousand acres are "filled in" or "made land" along the water-fronts, and reclaimed during the past one hundred years.

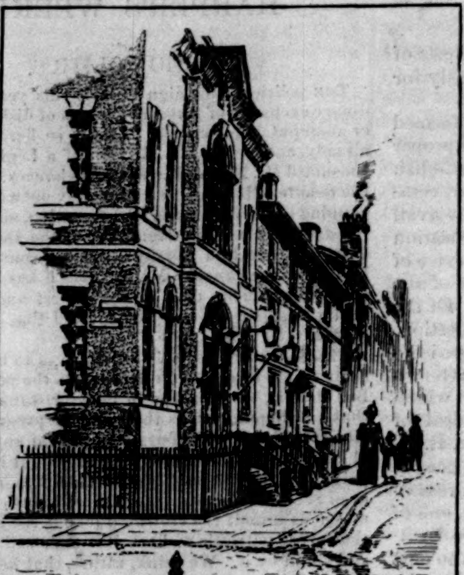
Operations in real estate have been an interesting feature of New York's history for more than two hundred years, and upon going back into the early annals there is much found that is curious as well. Previous to the cession of the New Netherlands to the English there was a peculiar obliviousness of the city's future. Lands that the man of ordinary foresight knew to be prospectively valuable were passed by, and others seized upon that promised nothing but good crops of cabbage. There were some exceptions to this almost universal line of action, but they were all included within a little "ring" that existed in the government of the Dutch West India Company. As early as 1643 lots on the lower part of Broadway between Bowling Green and Wall Street were laid out and granted to officers of the company. These grants were the first on Broadway, and some years elapsed before they were generally built upon. It is very evident that even at this early period the speculative value of property on that street was fully appreciated by this little coterie of Dutchmen, as not more than one or two of the original grantees ever occupied or improved their property, but in after-years sold their holdings, mostly to the English settlers who came in large numbers later in the century, and who, with an eye for beauty as well as comfort, were willing to pay good prices for a desirable dwelling-house site on lower Broadway.

The monopolists of the present day are probably not seeking to excuse their methods upon any plea, but if they wished to quote "custom," they have the facts of history to show that the first material advancement of the city's prosperity was based upon a monopoly. The English Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, caused the enactment of a law which gave to the inhabitants of Manhattan Island the sole right for the "bolting of flour and the making and exportation of sea-biscuit and flour." All other citizens of the Province of New York were prohibited from pursuing these branches of trade under penalty of forfeiture of the contraband articles. The bolting act was passed in the year 1678, and existed until 1694, when it was repealed through the efforts of the provincial anti-monopolists. At the time of the passage of this act the city contained 343 buildings of all kinds, and between the time of its enactment and the repeal 600 houses and other buildings were erected on the island. The revenue from exports and imports increased from £2000 to £6000 per annum. The shipping interest increased more than tenfold. Lands which had heretofore been of little value advanced during this period to ten times their former value. Of the 983 buildings in the city in 1694, the occupants or owners of some 600 of them were directly or indirectly interested in the flour monopoly.

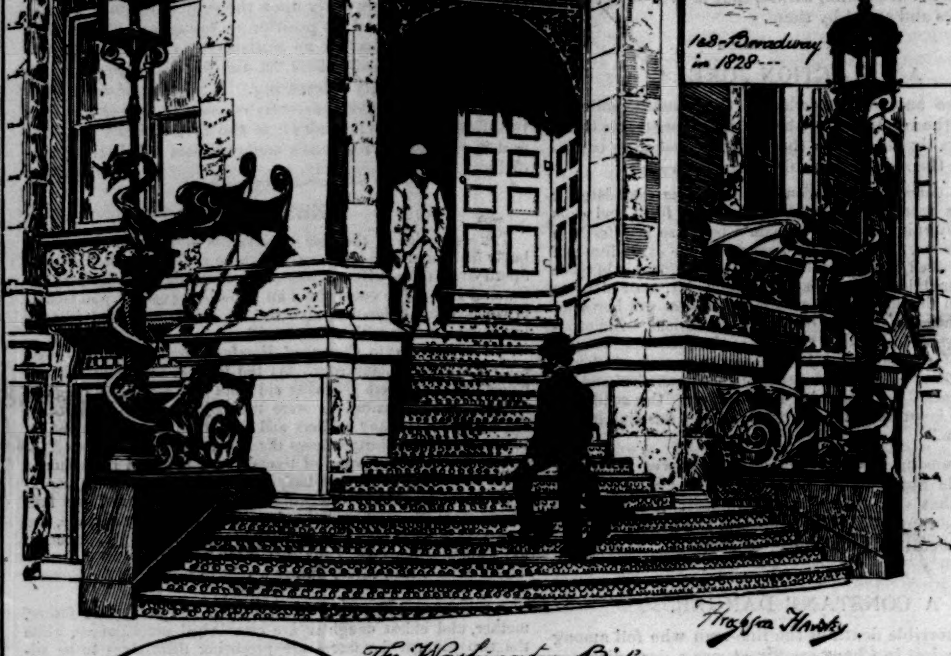
After the English became thoroughly dominant in New York, land for residence purposes begun to assume pronounced valuations, and lots near Bowling Green, along Broadway, Wall, and Pearl streets, were eagerly sought. The Hollander generally kept his store somewhere along the East River water-front, and almost invariably lived in the same building. The Englishman, if he was a merchant, drew a sharp dividing line between shop and house, and maintained it; to him is due the development of the social features of the times. Country-seats within a distance of one to three miles of Bowling Green were just about the proper thing in the early part of last century, and the family cows were pastured on the "commons" below the present City Hall. Farms lay within a stone's-throw of many of the city residences, and the era of speculation in lots had not yet set in, for the industrious farmer could gain greater profit by cultivating his lands, even when within half a mile of the city, than he could gain by selling for building lots.

After the conclusion of the French war and about the year 1765, New York real estate begun to appreciate in value, in many instances advancing one hundred per cent. in five years. Those who had invested in this kind of property earlier accumulated fortunes very rapidly, and were universally regarded as far-sighted characters. Speculation set in, often of the wildest kind, and farming lands all around the suburbs were bought up and laid out into building lots, which sold for perhaps $20 to $60 each. Many suffered in these wild ventures, as others have often since in similar ones, and those who were unable to dispose of their dearly bought lots before the outbreak of the Revolution were mostly but too glad to lose sight of their holdings in the confusion and depression of war-times.

The records of real estate operations in New York are strangely incomplete and unsatisfactory to the searcher for facts in relation thereto. Considering the importance and value of some of the titles of the present day that are curiously defective, it would seem to suggest itself that these titles be perfected by research into the historical archives of the city in private possession, so many of the public records having been lost, destroyed, or mutilated during the mutations that have followed the several changes of government anterior to the evacuation in 1783. In presenting for a comparison of values the properties here mentioned, a careful selection has been made of only such points and locations as are familiar to every New York citizen, and also to the observant stranger who visits the city from time to time. The values attached in the olden time are gathered from public and private records and histories as well; they are in every case authentic and reliable, as the utmost care has been exercised in selecting only such properties as could be definitely located at the periods mentioned. There are many interesting as well as amusing incidents in connection with the various transfers, and a careful study of the examples presented for illustration, which are typical of the real estate history of the whole island, will go far toward convincing the analytical mind that our Knickerbocker forefathers were not the shrewd and far-sighted old fellows they are reputed by tradition to have been; in reality they seem to have been greatly at disadvantage in keenness when the later-coming Englishman and French Huguenot entered into competition with them as real estate operators and owners. Among the large estates of real property that are held intact

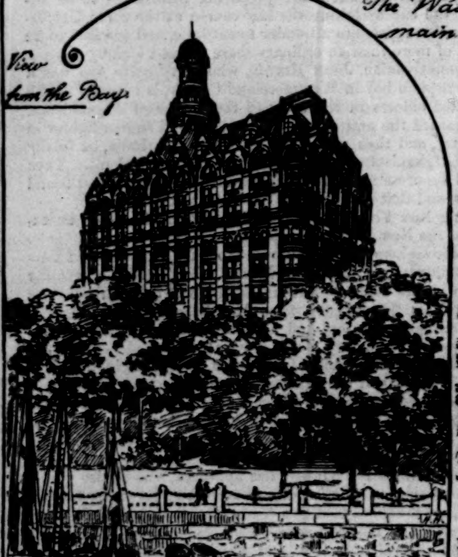


128 Broadway in 1828

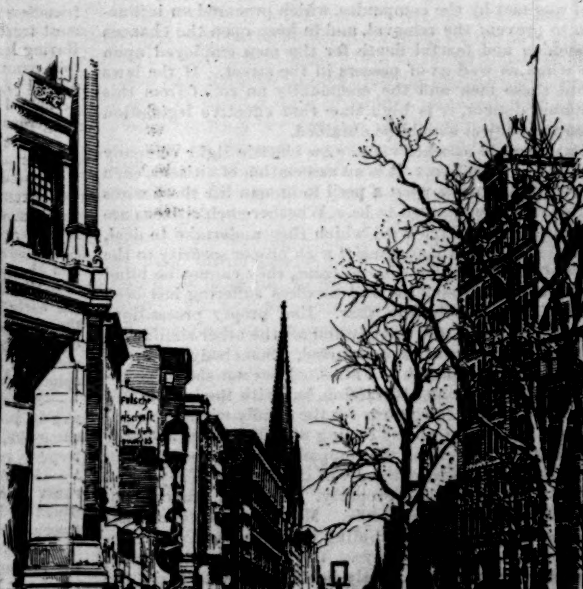


Hughson Hawley

The Washington B'ld'g main Entrance.

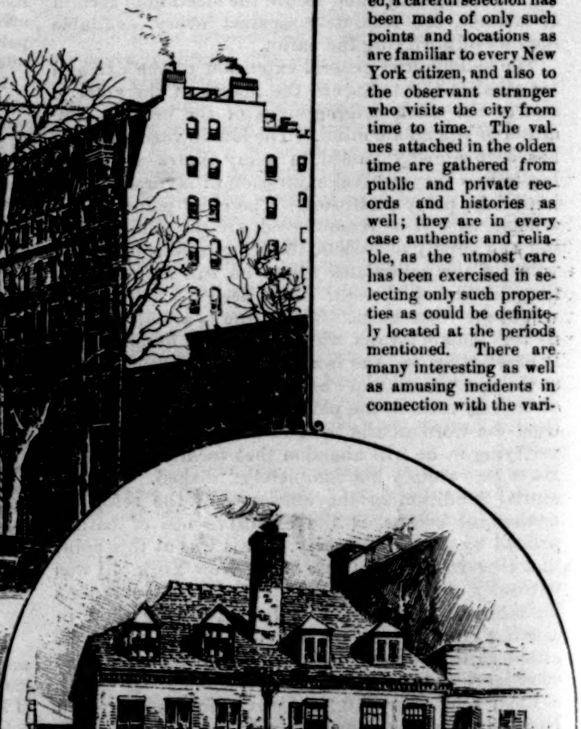


View from the Bay

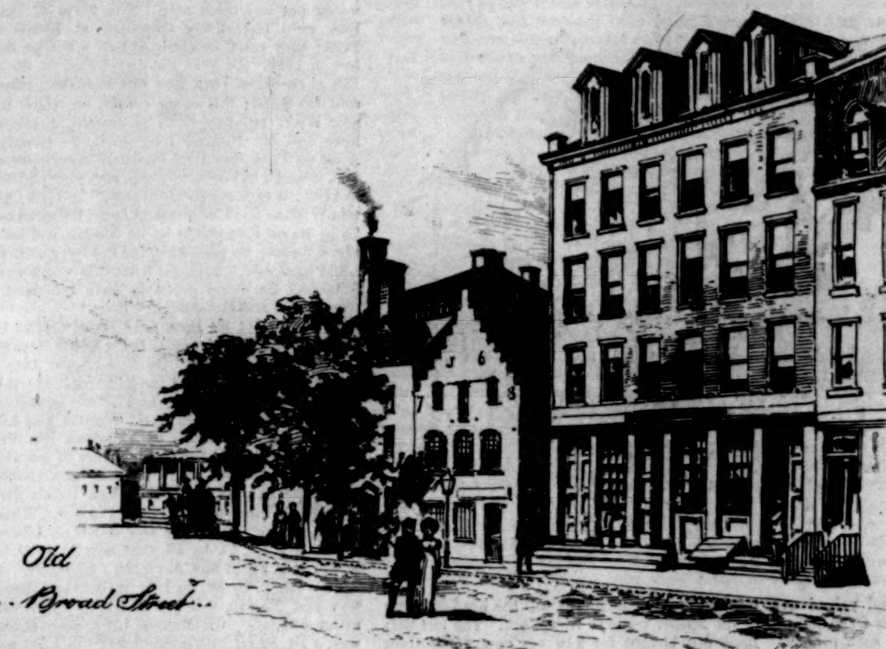


Broadway in 1889.

Hughson Hawley



Atlantic Garden House, 9 – Broadway in 1765



Old ..Broad Street..

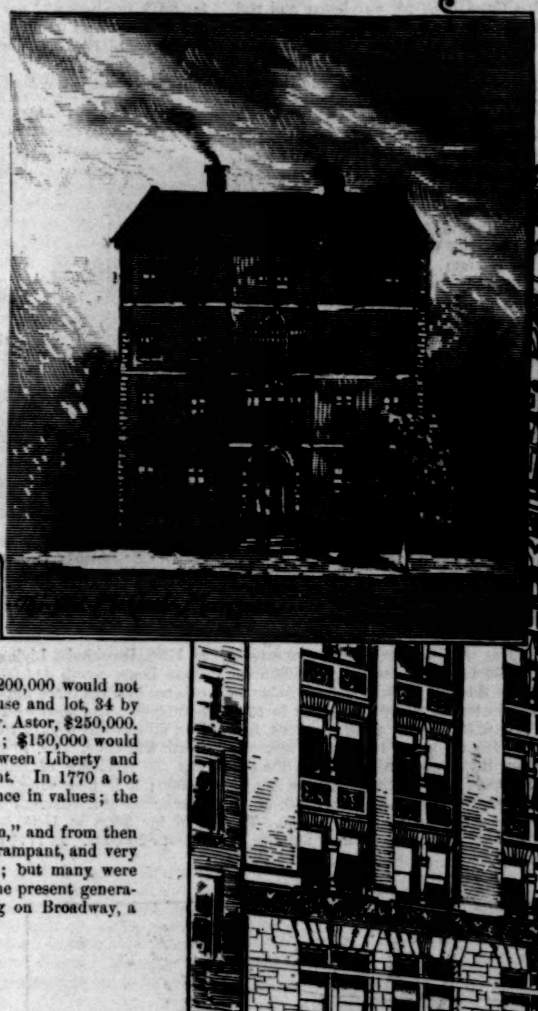
to-day in New York, but very few are owned by lineal descendants of the Dutch emigrants of the seventeenth century. The first transfer of real estate on Manhattan Island in which the consideration is expressed, is on the records of 1643, when a lot on the north side of Bridge Street, between Whitehall and Broad streets, was sold for nine dollars and a half. The size of the lot was 30 by 110 feet, and is worth to-day, unimproved, about $25,000.

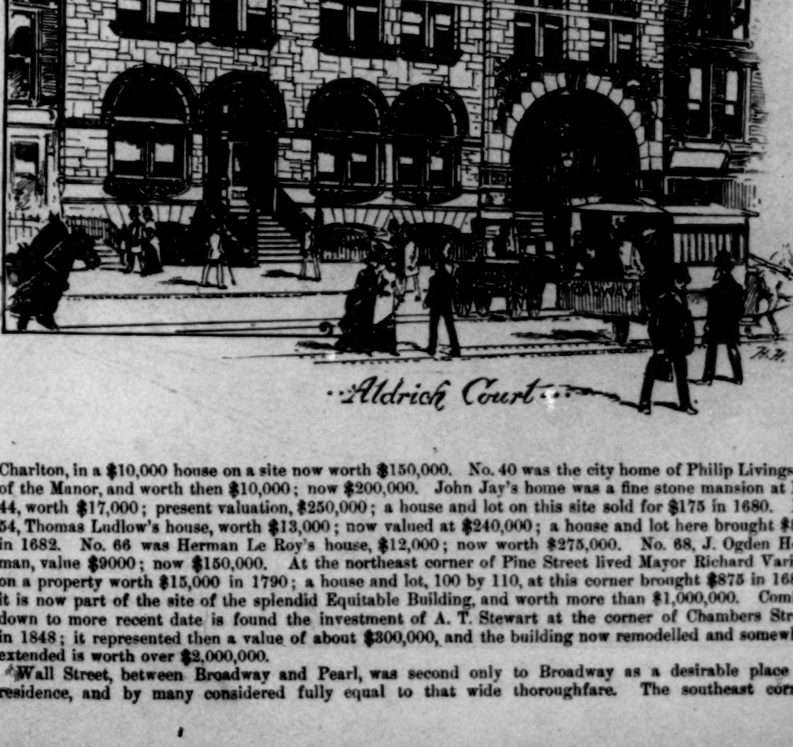
Broadway has, of course, been the most conspicuous street of the city from its earliest history. As stated above, the lands on the lower part of this street were, about 1643, granted to the "insiders" connected with the Dutch West India Company, the first "real estate ring" in the annals of New York. After the middle of last century the principal private residences of the city were along Broadway, and many of them were considered ornaments to the city. In mentioning street numbers, those given are the correct ones of the present. At No. 48, "a fine house with lot," 40 by 120 feet, to Broad Street, was sold in 1699 for $1250—a very extravagant outlay for that period, but the same site is worth to-day $500,000 or more. In 1667 a house and lot, 48 by 85, on the site of the present Boreel Building, was sold for twenty-seven beaver-skins—a recognized currency of the day. These furs were worth about $100; and it is a singular coincidence that beaver-skins were the foundation of the fortune that enabled Mrs. Boreel to erect the million-dollar building on the same site in recent years. She inherited her fortune from John Jacob Astor, her grandfather. In 1700 a house and lot, 100 by 110, sold for $600; now the site of the American Exchange Bank and adjoining buildings, and worth $800,000. In 1703 eleven acres of land north of present Reade Street, running east from Broadway to about Centre Street, sold for $375; present value about $3,000,000. In 1715 a house and lot, northeast corner of Liberty Street, sold for $320; the Williamsburg City Fire-insurance Company now have an investment there of about $400,000. Lot near Liberty Street, 23 by 110, worth $125 in 1716; now worth $125,000. In 1718, between Liberty and Maiden Lane, house and lot, 44 by 115, sold for $187; worth now $400,000. In 1721 a house and lot, 50 by 160, near John Street, $290; worth now $425,000. In 1726 a lot adjoining last property, 24 by 161, sold for $100; it now represents $175,000. In 1732 the northeast corner of Maiden Lane, 25 by 100, brought $300; $200,000 would not purchase it now. In 1737 the southeast corner of Exchange Place, house and lot, 34 by 75, sold for $237; the corner is no doubt worth to its present owner, Mr. Astor, $250,000. In 1745 a lot at southwest corner of Dey Street, 30 by 100, sold for $187; $150,000 would be a fair price for it now. In 1749 a house and lot, 40 by 110, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets brought $875; such a lot is worth $250,000 at present. In 1770 a lot near Dey Street, 25 by 110, brought $950, showing a most decided advance in values; the lot is worth $110,000 now.

At about this period real estate in all parts of the city was on a "boom," and from then on to the Revolutionary era speculation in all classes of property was rampant, and very often wild; fortunes were made in twelve months, and lost as quickly; but many were carefully husbanded by the lucky ones, and have been handed down to the present generation, not only intact, but increased a hundredfold and more. Continuing on Broadway, a record of the sale in 1772 of the northeast corner of Fulton Street, a house and lot, 29 by 70, for $1600; the lot is now covered by the Knox Building, and would readily bring $200,000. In 1773 the southeast corner of Ann Street sold for $595; the lot, 49 by 81, is now covered by the *Herald* building, and is valued as it is at about $600,000. Going back to the Bowling Green, in 1756 we find a sale by Nicholas de Peyster to Archibald Kennedy of a lot 54 feet front on Broadway, and running back to the Hudson River at the present line of Greenwich Street; on this lot was erected the historic mansion later known as No. 1 Broadway. Captain Kennedy paid $1500 for this lot, then undoubtedly the finest residence site in the city. He built his house, and in 1785 it was valued at $10,000; a period of depression had set in subsequent to and in consequence of the Revolutionary war, and values of all kinds were at a low ebb. The site of this house as well as the one adjoining, then the property of John Watts, and also valued at $10,000, are now occupied by the magnificent Washington Building, owned by Cyrus W. Field, and worth about $1,500,000.

In 1790 Chancellor Livingston lived at No. 9 Broadway in a house worth $12,000; the lot is now covered by another building, but which is in itself somewhat ancient, though valued at $150,000. John Stevens's residence was at No. 21, and this house, together with one adjoining, covered the ground now occupied by the Stevens House; the two properties were worth about $15,000; the hotel site is worth $250,000. At 16 lived George Scriba, merchant, in a house worth $6000; now the Wells Building, worth $900,000. At No. 26 was Alexander Hamilton's house, value $10,000; now the Standard Oil Company's building, worth $1,250,000. No. 35 was the elegant house of Dominick Lynch, a merchant and most liberal art patron, value $17,000; now worth $200,000. No. 37, John Lawrence, value in 1790 $12,000; in 1667 lot sold for $160; now worth $200,000. No. 36, Peter Jay Munro, value $8000; now $160,000. At No. 47 was the house of Alexander McComb, the largest and finest in New York; it was occupied in 1790 by President George Washington, who lived there until the seat of government was transferred to Philadelphia; the house was then valued at $25,000, and the site at present is worth about $300,000. No. 59 was the home of General Jacob Morton, worth $12,000; now the Adams Express Building, worth $275,000. No. 67 was Colonel Harry Livingston's house, also valued at $12,000; now a part of the site extending to corner of Rector Street, and worth $800,000; this lot, 55 by 180, sold for $225 in 1685. At No. 34 lived Dr. John Charlton, in a $10,000 house on a site now worth $150,000. No. 40 was the city home of Philip Livingston of the Manor, and worth then $10,000; now $200,000. John Jay's home was a fine stone mansion at No. 44, worth $17,000; present valuation, $250,000; a house and lot on this site sold for $175 in 1680. No. 54, Thomas Ludlow's house, worth $13,000; now valued at $240,000; a house and lot here brought $875 in 1682. No. 66 was Herman Le Roy's house, $12,000; now worth $275,000. No. 68, J. Ogden Hoffman, value $9000; now $150,000. At the northeast corner of Pine Street lived Mayor Richard Varick, on a property worth $15,000 in 1790; a house and lot, 100 by 110, at this corner brought $875 in 1682; it is now part of the site of the splendid Equitable Building, and worth more than $1,000,000. Coming down to more recent date is found the investment of A. T. Stewart at the corner of Chambers Street in 1848; it represented then a value of about $300,000, and the building now remodelled and somewhat extended is worth over $2,000,000.

Wall Street, between Broadway and Pearl, was second only to Broadway as a desirable place of residence, and by many considered fully equal to that wide thoroughfare. The southeast corner





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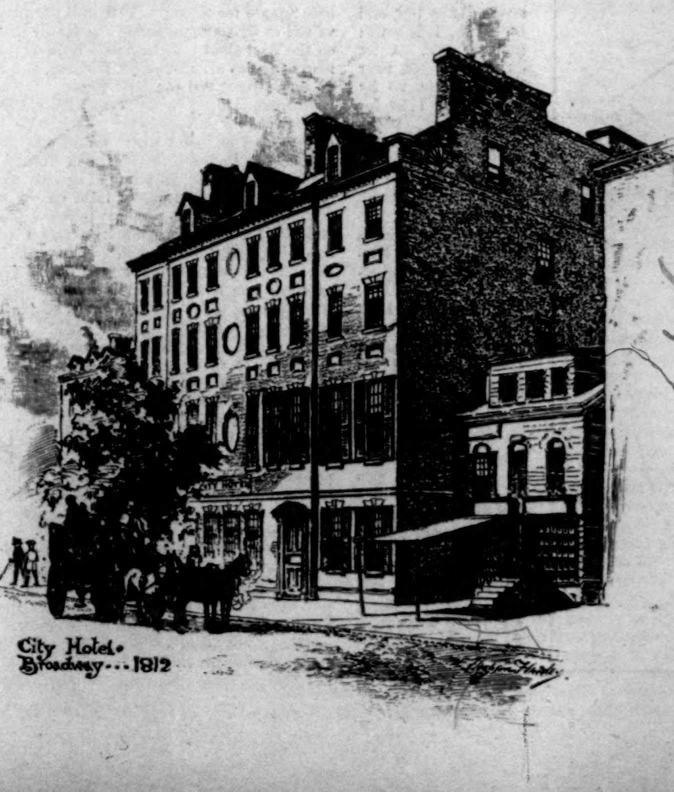
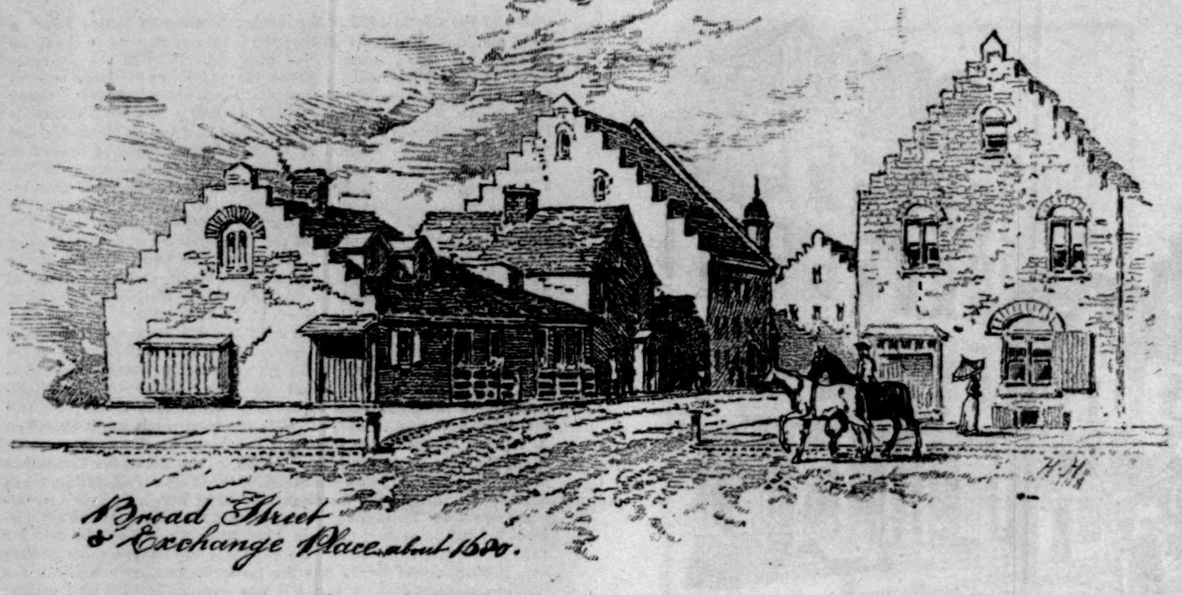


City Hotel. Broadway...1812



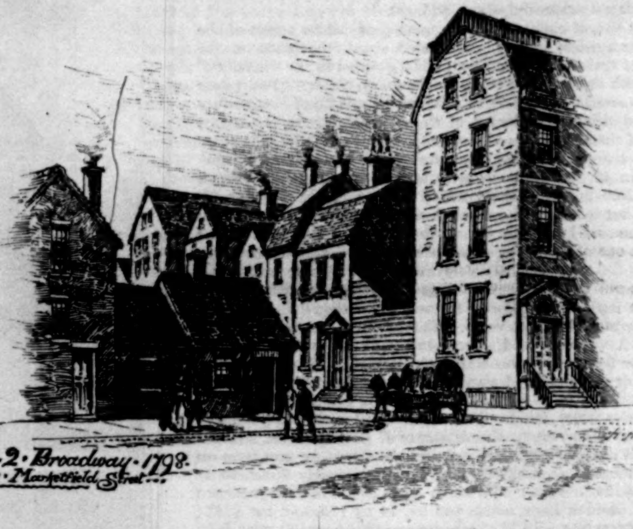
Broad Street & Exchange Place about 1680.

of Broad Street was sold in 1700 for $400; in 1789, when the City Hall was remodelled for the accommodation of Congress, and became Federal Hall, this corner was purchased by the city authorities for $1850, and the "watch-house," or police head-quarters, there established. It was so used until the present City Hall was completed in 1809, and in 1816 was sold to Peter Burtsell for $11,300. The property, now occupied by Drexel, Morgan, & Co., is worth fully $1,500,000. In 1718 a lot, 88 by 124, on north side of Wall Street above Nassau was purchased by the First Presbyterian Church Society, and they there erected their house of worship; the price paid was $875, and the site is now occupied by the Stevens Building, worth $1,000,000. In 1721 Samuel Bayard sold to Gabriel Thompson the lot at 46 Wall Street for $300; in 1790 Thomas Buchanan lived there, and it was valued at $12,000; it is now occupied by the Bank of America, and is worth about $600,000. The following were residents of Wall Street in 1790: No. 6, James Constable, $15,000, now $400,000; No. 7, William Edgar, $12,000, now St. Nicholas Bank, $250,000; No. 10, William Denning, $8000, now the Astor Building, $500,000; No. 40, Abraham Duryee, $8000, now $550,000; No. 41, William Jauncey, $8000, now $450,000; No. 42, Unknown, $8000, now $550,000; No. 45, Edward Livingston, $9000, now $600,000.

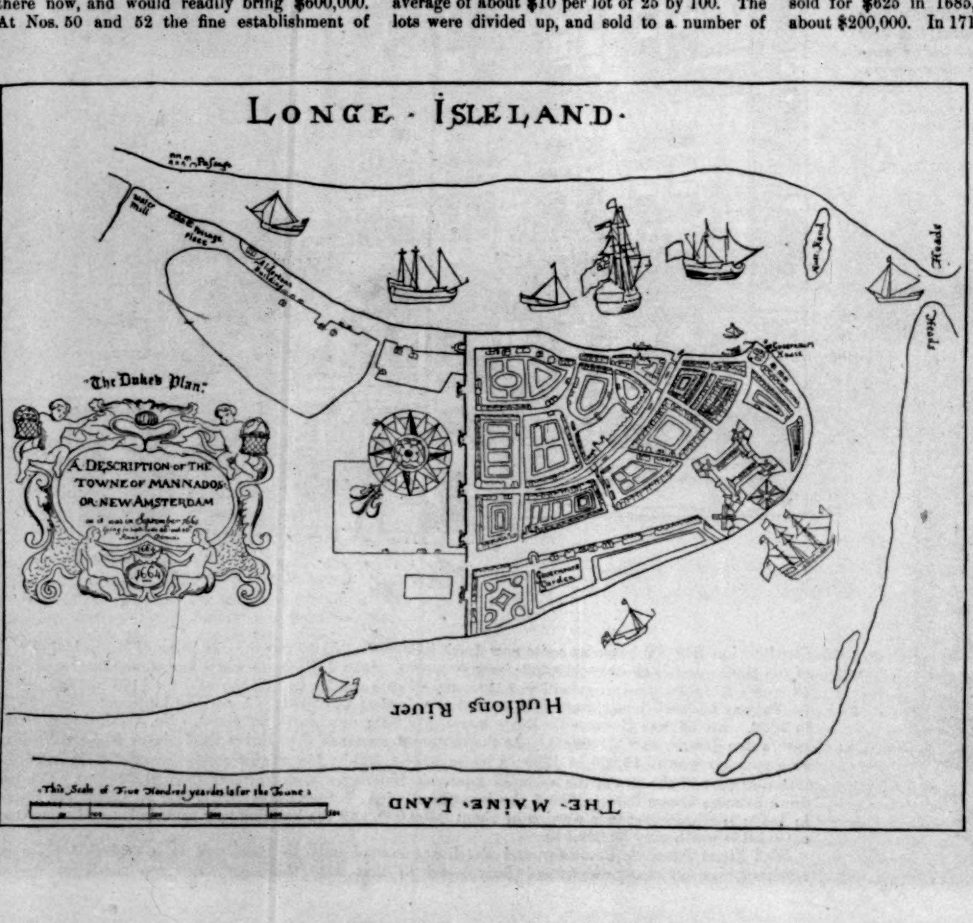
Broad Street, from Wall to Beaver, was lined with houses on both sides in the early days of the republic, but many of them were relics of the Dutch-English era when the middle of the street was a big open ditch or watercourse running up to the corner of Exchange Place. In 1672 the southeast corner of Exchange Place, including "house, lot, and orchard," was sold for $400; the corner lot alone is now worth $150,000. In 1699 a house and lot near Beaver Street, 24 by 175, brought $500, and in 1733 the same property sold for $1025; it is now worth $75,000. In 1706 the house and lot on the northeast corner of Exchange Place brought $325; it is now occupied by the Mills Building, valued at $2,000,000. No. 24 Broad Street was sold in 1743 for $500; it included a house and lot 26 by 96, and is now worth $150,000. Nos. 32 and 34 were worth $17,000 in 1790; the Johnston Building is there now, and would readily bring $600,000. At Nos. 50 and 52 the fine establishment of Nicholas Cruger stood in 1790, and valued at $14,000; the present worth is about $150,000.

Values on Pearl Street show no such proportion of increase as do the sections already mentioned. This street was a favorite one in the early Dutch times both for warehouse and residence purposes, because of its contiguity to the East River water-front, where all the shipping tied up. Lots sold on Pearl Street for $200 when Broadway lots were not worth $50, and those on Wall Street could be had almost for the asking. In 1699 a large warehouse fronting on Pearl, Stone, and Broad streets was sold for $1300; it was a very desirable site, right on the water-front, which was then at Pearl Street; this property would now be worth about $80,000. In 1688 a house and lot near Whitehall Street brought $200; now worth $35,000. In 1657 two hundred feet at the corner of Wall Street sold for $100; now worth $250,000. In 1681 a lot near Wall Street, 48 by 148, $100; now worth $40,000. In 1717 a lot near Beekman Street, 25 by 200, brought $100; in 1738 same lot sold for $200; in 1745 sold again for $375; now worth $30,000. In 1720 a house and lot on Franklin Square, 30 by 223, sold for $250; now worth $45,000. In 1790 Robert Watts lived on Pearl, near Whitehall, in a house worth $7,000; $35,000 would be the value to-day. William Walton lived in an elegant mansion on Franklin Square in 1790. It was worth then $15,000, and the location to-day is valued at $75,000. The Osgood House was at Franklin Square and Cherry Street in 1790. It was a fine house, and the first Executive Mansion of the United States. The value then was about $12,000, and the site is now occupied by the Brooklyn Bridge. In 1672 seven acres, extending from corner of Franklin Square and Cherry Street north and east to the river, sold for $64. In 1713 about one-half of this property, embracing the high ground at the junction of the two streets mentioned, sold for $125, and in 1717 again for $400. It was then cut up into lots and sold: in 1719 on Cherry Street, 50 by 130, $150; in 1720 on Pearl Street, 50 by 202, $750; in 1764 four lots on river-front, 100 by 100, for $1250. In 1734 Jacobus Roosevelt purchased from the corporation the tract of land then and now known as "the Swamp." He paid for it $500, or an average of about $10 per lot of 25 by 100. The lots were divided up, and sold to a number of tanners, and the section is still the head-quarters of the leather trade of New York. The lots that Roosevelt bought for $10 are now worth from $5000 to $15,000 each. In 1736 eighteen lots fronting on Pearl, Hague, and Jacob streets sold for $575, or about $32 per lot. In 1743 the corner of Ferry and Jacob streets, 25 by 120, sold for $50. In 1746 a lot on Ferry, near Gold, 25 by 68, brought $80.

At the corner of Whitehall and Stone streets, in 1790, Brockholst Livingston lived in a large stone house worth $14,000; the property now, covered by a big office building, would bring over $300,000. The northwest corner of Beaver and New streets was sold in 1683 for $75; it is now worth $160,000. No. 13 William Street in 1790 was the residence of John Oothout, and worth $8000; it is now valued at $175,000. Southeast corner of Exchange Place and William Street sold for $625 in 1685, 37 by 145; now worth about $200,000. In 1714 a lot on William Street near Fulton, 25 by 100, sold for $63; in 1767 it brought $825, and is now worth about $30,000. In 1746 the southwest corner of William and Spruce streets, 42 by 102, sold for $184; it is worth $60,000 now. A lot on Gold Street, near Maiden Lane, 26 by 104, sold in 1759 for $250; now worth $25,000. In 1700 the house and lot No. 11 Nassau Street sold for $190, and now worth $150,000. The former site of the Middle Dutch Church, on Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty streets, 200 by 200, was bought in 1702 for $750; the palatial building of the Mutual Life-insurance Company is now located on the site, and worth $2,000,000. A lot, 25 by 80, on Nassau Street near Maiden Lane was worth $60 in 1718; now valued at $30,000. The southwest corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, 115 by 128, sold for $1250 in 1748; this corner to-day is worth $275,000. No. 3 Park Row was thought worth $2000 in 1796; it is now thought well of at $80,000. In the same year Nos. 11, 13, 15, 17 Park Row were valued at $1500; $400,000 would not buy them now. Nos. 29 to 37 Park Row were collectively appraised at $3200 in 1796; they would be cheap at half a million dollars in 1889. In 1749 the house and lot, 50 by 110, at corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street sold for $750; this same corner, on which the new *World* building is to be erected, is said to have cost Mr. Pulitzer over $300,000 recently. A lot on Park Row (late Chatham Street), 59 by 180, through to William Street, was worth $1000 in 1762; it is worth $90,000 now. In 1706 Captain William Kidd, of piratical fame, bought a lot, 75 by 80, on Pine Street below Nassau, and built him a house; he paid $180 for the lot, and if he could have sold it then for what it is worth now, $200,000, he would probably have remained a respectable and law-abiding citizen.



No. 2 Broadway 1798.
cor. Marketfield Street



In 1761 a lot on Pine, near Broadway, 20 by 66, sold for $500; it would bring $60,000 to-day for building purposes. On Cedar, near Broadway, a lot, 25 by 69, sold for $140 in 1743; it is well worth $50,000 now. In 1732 the triangular piece of land at Maiden Lane, William, and Liberty streets was deeded to Alderman Rip Van Dam by the city for the nominal sum of ten shillings, on the ground that the land "was of little or no use to anybody"; Mr. Van Dam's little purchase is worth to-day about $175,000. Where the Real Estate Exchange now stands on Liberty Street is a lot, 75 by 88, that sold in 1699 for $225; it is worth now more than $300,000. In 1743 a lot, 40 by 80, on Liberty, between Broadway and Nassau, was worth $175; value now about $90,000. On Maiden Lane, near Broadway, a lot, 82 by 110, brought $120 in 1700, and is now worth $30,000. Another lot on the same street, near to Pearl, 25 by 132, sold for $250 in 1717, and again for $700 in 1729; it would sell readily for $40,000 at present. In 1740 the northwest corner of Maiden Lane and Nassau, 60 by 179, sold for $475; it is easily worth $250,000 now. On Fulton Street, between Broadway and Nassau, a lot, 23 by 117, brought $280 in 1758; it would be a good purchase at $60,000 now. The lot at northwest corner of Beekman and Cliff streets, 125 by 110, was purchased as a site for St. George's Church in 1748 for $1610; that corner and the improvements are now worth over $300,000. In 1737 a lot on Cortlandt Street, near Broadway, 25 by 126, sold for $65; $60,000 might now buy it. A lot on Dey Street, near Broadway, 37 by 85, was worth $187 in 1747; it is at this time worth $50,000. At the corner of Barclay and Greenwich streets, in 1790, were the house and grounds of Philip Rhinelander, worth $10,000; the one corner lot of this property is worth to-day about $40,000.

About the year 1682 the Rutgers family began to accumulate real estate by the purchase of twenty-eight acres of land near the present Chatham Square for $300; in 1790 this property was valued at $20,000, including the family mansion on the river shore; its boundary lines on the city map of to-day are Catharine, Division, and Montgomery streets and the East River. The estate is maintained intact by the present heirs, although nearly all held on leaseholds by the many house owners, and is to-day worth millions of dollars. Dominie de Riemers, of the Dutch Church, died about 1725, leaving an estate of seventy acres of land adjoining the Rutgers farm on the north. His executor sold this property to young Anthony Rutgers for $2750. Anthony's father remonstrated against the completion of the sale, insisting that his young son had been duped, and the executor was prevailed upon to take back the seventy acres, which he shortly after sold to James de Lancey for $3500.

These acres that De Lancey bought comprised the whole of that part of the city bounded by Division and Stanton streets, Bowery, and the East River. The name of Division Street was derived from the circumstance that it was the dividing line between the Rutgers and De Lancey farms. After the Revolution the De Lancey property was confiscated under an attainder pronounced by Congress against Chief-Justice De Lancey, who had espoused the Royalist cause during the struggle.

"Syndicates" for trading purposes are supposed to be a recent innovation in business methods, yet here is one organized in 1771 for the purchase of real estate, and probably the first in the business history of the country. This syndicate consisted of seven men—Theophilus Bache, Philip Livingston, Isaac Roosevelt, Richard Sharp, Thomas Marston, Gabriel Ludlow, and

Levinus Clarkson. They bought four hundred lots from the Bayard estate at an average price of $61 per lot, which was a very high figure for the times. The city was excited over the real estate "boom" that had maintained itself for nearly five years previous to this date—1771—and, as far as comported with the dignity of the times, there was something very like a modern "town lot craze." Though this excitement continued up to the commencement of the Revolution, it is said the syndicate held their lots at too high a figure, and found themselves "stuck" when the war broke out.

The Stuyvesant farms extended from a point at Fifth Street and the Bowery, north to Twenty-first Street and Third Avenue, and all the land east of this line to the East River; it comprised about ninety city blocks, and was worth about $60,000 in 1790, this figure including the two residences of Nicholas William and Peter Gerard Stuyvesant. The property was originally granted by Governor Peter Stuyvesant to himself as citizen Peter Stuyvesant, of New Amsterdam. Most of it has been sold from time to time, and what is left of the original estate is in the possession of the Fish, Winthrop, and Rutherford families. The "Kip's Bay Farm" extended from Twenty-fifth to Thirty-seventh streets, and from Third Avenue to the East River; it was worth in 1790, including the residence of Samuel Kip, $12,000, and comprised about twenty-six blocks. In 1811 the corporation purchased six acres of this property at $3500 an acre, on which the almshouse was afterward erected. The "Turtle Bay Farm" was located, in 1790, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-eight streets, Third Avenue and East River; it contained about eighteen city blocks, and was worth, with residence of Francis B. Winthrop, $8000. On the west side of Third Avenue, opposite the Winthrop farm and extending over nearly to Fifth Avenue, was the farm of Thomas Buchanan, a family connection of the Winthrops; it consisted of about twenty-four blocks, and was worth, in 1790, with house, $10,000. The "Spring Valley Farm," belonging to Jacob Arden, ran from Fifty-third to Fifty-seventh streets, and from Third Avenue to the East River; it contained about twelve acres, and was valued, with farm-house, at $5000; the old house is still standing at the foot of East Fifty-second Street, on the river-bank, and is still in good condition. The "Beekman Hill" property lay between the Winthrop and Arden farms, and comprised about fifteen acres, with the historic Beekman mansion that stood on the high bluff at the foot of East Fifty-first Street; the estate was valued at $15,000, including the mansion, which was one of the finest of the suburban residences, and only demolished about twenty years ago. The old stone mansion situated high above the street grade on East Sixty-first, near First Avenue, was formerly the centre of an estate of thirty acres belonging to Colonel William S. Smith, the son-in-law of President John Adams; the property was valued in 1800 at $20,000, and was purchased in 1823 by Alderman Jeremiah Towle, whose family still reside there, including Park Commissioner Stevenson Towle.

The records of old-time values of suburban property on the west side of the city commence with the purchase, in 1726, by Anthony Rutgers of twenty-five acres lying between Broadway and West Broadway, Reade and Canal streets. In the records of 1773 there is found a sale of a lot 90 by 105, fronting on Broadway, for $575 to the New York Hospital Society, giving them a Broadway entrance to their grounds already purchased from the heirs of Anthony Rutgers. The home of Aaron Burr, known as Richmond Hill, in 1795 was worth $9000; it was located near the present corner of Varick and Charlton streets, and surrounded by about fifteen acres of land extending to the Hudson River shore. The old estate of Sir Peter Warren originally comprised nearly the whole of the present Ninth Ward and a part of the Sixteenth Ward. Governor George Clinton had his country-seat on a part of this estate in 1790; it was located at about the present corner of Ninth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, comprising some fifteen acres to the river shore, and worth at that date $10,000. This establishment in later years was the home of the unfortunate brother of the late William B. Astor. John Ireland also had his country home on part of the Warren estate; he owned about twelve acres running west from the present Abingdon Square to the Hudson; this parcel, including the residence, was valued at $5000 in 1790. That part of the old estate that was in late years known as the Van Nest property, and located at Bleecker, Charles, and Fourth streets, was estimated to be worth $30,000 in 1790; its exact area cannot be definitely learned at this day, but it included the old mansion and many blocks around the present Van Nest Place, where the house stood. The Henry Spingler farm in 1790 contained about twenty-two acres, and was worth $10,000; it extended from about the line of Fourth Avenue west nearly to Sixth Avenue, and from Thirteenth to Seventeenth streets, including a part of the present Union Square. Its present value can be approximately estimated from the basis of an average price for each of the lots, 25 by 100, of about $45,000. Of all the suburban estates here mentioned, that of John Horn represents the greatest increase of value during the past one hundred years. This property in 1790 bordered along the present Madison Square on the west from Twenty-second to Twenty-sixth streets, and comprised about twenty acres, valued then at $8000. The ground is covered in part now by such structures as the Fifth Avenue, Albemarle, Hoffman, St. James, and Victoria hotels, Delmonico's, the Masonic Temple, and the many business palaces on Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues; it represents a value far beyond definite computation, but amounts to many millions of dollars. "Rose Hill Farm," a part of the Watts estate, in 1790 was valued at $5000, and extended from about Twenty-second to Twenty-eighth streets and from Third Avenue to Madison, taking in part of Madison Square; it represents a very large total on the tax lists of to-day, but nothing like the enormous appraisement the Horn property would make.

The Clarke estate comprised that portion of the city once familiarly known as Chelsea, a large part of which is now known as the Bishop Moore estate. It extended from Twentieth to Twenty-eighth streets, and from Eighth to Tenth avenues, the latter then being on the river-front. The Clarke estate as a whole was valued at $20,000 in 1790, and included a very fine old mansion that stood on a high hill on Twenty-third Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. This mansion, together with the lower and most valuable portion of the estate, came into the possession of Bishop Samuel Moore, of the Episcopal Church, through his marriage into the Clarke family, and descended to his son, Dr. Clement C. Moore, one time President of Columbia College. On one part of the estate stand the extensive buildings of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, established by the munificence of the Moores, father and son. The balance of the Moore portion is largely held on leasehold by the house owners on the line of the different streets embraced in the property.

About where the homes of the Astors and that of the late Alexander T. Stewart now present their majestic proportions, there stood, in 1790, the suburban retreat of John Thompson, an eminent city merchant of his day. This estate embodied some twenty acres on either side of the present Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh streets, and was assessed at $8500. The lots are worth to-day on an average about $60,000 each, size 25 by 100. Samuel L. Norton in 1790 maintained a summer establishment on the Bloomingdale Road, now Broadway, between Thirty-sixth and Forty-first streets. He had about eighteen acres of land, which, with the house, were reckoned to be worth about $10,000. The $2,000,000 Metropolitan Opera-house is now located on the edge of Norton's farm.

The most active increase of values in recent years for strictly residence sites has been in that section north of Fifty-ninth Street and west of Central Park. One hundred years ago this land was occupied by farms and country-seats, and $50 an acre was a fair average price for any portion of it; in fact, the assessments for taxation were about on that basis, as the records show that pertain to the Harsen, Vandenheuvel, Somerindyke, and Apthorpe properties, all of which were contemporary with that period. In 1810 these lands were worth $200 an acre, and in 1825, $400. At this day the lots are worth from $15,000 each on the cross-streets to $50,000 for twenty-five-foot corner lots on Seventy-second Street and the Riverside Drive.

The history of real estate operations in Harlem is but a repetition of that here told; the increase of values has been in like proportion, though of course in smaller aggregate. It may interest the Harlemite to know that the first recorded sale of real estate in that village took place in 1647, when two hundred acres of land north and east of "Snake Hill," now Mount Morris Park, sold for two hundred dollars.

Scott Thompson.

JEFFERSON.

Fifty years from now the historian of the American stage, if he should be asked to name the actor of this period who was most beloved by the people of this generation, will answer that it was Joseph Jefferson. Other actors of our time are famous, and they possess in various degrees the affection of the public. Mr. Jefferson is not only renowned, but universally beloved. To state the cause of this effect is at once to explain his acting and to do it the honor to which it is entitled. That cause can be stated in a single sentence. Mr. Jefferson is at once a poetic and a human actor, and he is thus able to charm all minds and to win all hearts. His success, therefore, is especially important not to himself alone, but to the people.

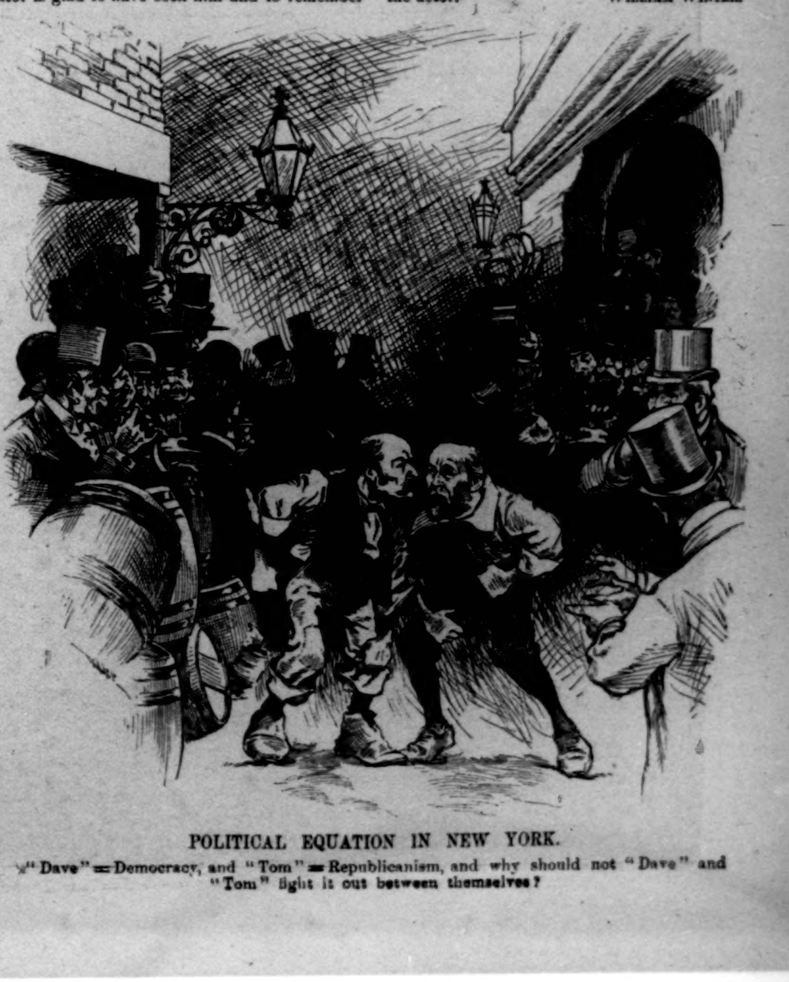
Public taste is twofold. It has a surface liking, and it has a deep, instinctive, natural preference. The former is alert, capricious, incessant, and continually passes from fancy to fancy. It scarcely knows what it wants, except that it wants excitement and change. Those persons in the dramatic world who make a point to address it are experimental speculators, whose one and only object is personal gain, and who are willing and ready to furnish any sort of entertainment that they think will please a passing caprice, and thereby turn a penny for themselves. To judge the public entirely by this surface liking is to find the public what Tennyson once called it—a many-headed beast. With that animal every paltry and noxious thing can be made for a time to flourish; and this fact leads observers who do not carefully look beneath the surface to conclude that the public is always wrong. But the deep preference of the public comes into the question, and observers who are able to see and to consider that factor presently perceive that the artist, whether actor or otherwise, who gives to the public, not what it says it wants, but what it ought to have, is in the long-run the victor. The deep preference is for the good thing, the real thing, the right. It is not intelligent. It does not go with thinking and reasoning. It does not pretend to have grounds of belief. It simply responds. But upon the stage the actor who is able to reach it is omnipotent. Mr. Jefferson conspicuously is the actor who appeals to the deep, instinctive, natural preference of humanity, and who reaches it, arouses it, and satisfies it. Throughout the whole of his career, which has been a large one—(he was born in 1829, February 20th; he went on the stage when he was four years old; he has been in continual practice of his art ever since; and he has played more than one hundred parts)—he has addressed the nobler soul of humanity, and given to the people what they ought to have; and the actor who is really able to do this naturally conquers everything. It is not a matter of artifice and simulation; it is a matter of being genuine, of being the real article, and not a sham.

Still further, Mr. Jefferson has aroused and touched and satisfied the feelings of the people, not by attempting to interpret literature, but by being an actor. An actor is a man who acts. He may be an uneducated man, deficient in learning and in mental discipline, and yet a fine actor. The people care not at all for literature. They do not read it, and they know nothing about it, until it is brought home to their hearts by some great interpreter of it. What they do know is action. They can see and they can feel, and the actor who makes them see and feel can do anything with them that he pleases. It is his great privilege and his great responsibility. Mr. Jefferson is one of those artists (and they are few) who depend for their effects not upon what authors have written, but upon impersonation. He takes great liberties with the text. It would not perhaps be saying too much to say that he does not primarily heed the text at all. He is an actor; and speaking with reference to him and to others like him, it would perhaps be well if those persons who write criticisms upon the stage would come to a definite conclusion upon this point, and finally understand that an actor must produce his effects on the instant by something that he does and is, and not by rhetoric and elocution, and therefore that he should not be expected to repeat every word of every part, or to be a translator of somebody else, but that he must be himself. If we want the text of Shakespeare or Sheridan, for example, we can stop at home and read it. What we want of the actor is that he should give himself, and the true actor does give himself. The play is the medium. A man who plays Romeo must embody, impersonate, express, convey, and make evident what he knows and feels about love. He need not trouble himself about Shakespeare. That great poet will continue to survive; while if Romeo, being ever so correct, bores the house, Romeo will be damned. Mr. Jefferson is the actor who invariably produces effect, and he produces it by impersonation, and by impersonation that is poetic and human.

At the moment of this writing Mr. Jefferson is acting at the Star Theatre, New York, in the part of Acres, in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, and a portrait of him in this character appears elsewhere in this journal. His performance of Acres conspicuously exemplifies the principles that have been stated here. He has not hesitated to alter the comedy of *The Rivals*, and in his alteration of it he has improved it. Acres has been made a better part for an actor, and a more significant and sympathetic part for an audience. You could not care for Acres if he were played exactly as he is written. You might laugh at him, and probably would, but he would never touch your feelings. Mr. Jefferson embodies him in such a way that he often makes you feel like laughing and crying at the same moment, and that you end with loving the character, and storing it in your memory with such cherished comrades of the fancy as Mark Tapley and Uncle Toby. There is but little human nature in Acres as Sheridan has drawn him, and what there is of human nature is coarse; but as embodied by Mr. Jefferson, while he never ceases to be comically absurd, he becomes fine and sweet, and wins sympathy and inspires affection, and every spectator is glad to have seen him and to remember him. It is not possible to take this sort of liberty with every author. You can do it but very seldom with Shakespeare; never in any but his juvenile plays. But there are authors who can be much improved by this process, and Sheridan in *The Rivals* (not in *The School for Scandal*) is one of them. And anyway, since it ought to be felt, known, understood, and practically admitted that an actor is something more than a telegraph wire, that his personal faculty and testimony enter into the matter of embodiment and expression, Mr. Jefferson's rare excellence and great success as Acres should teach a valuable lesson, correcting that pernicious habit of the critical mind which measures an actor by the printed text of a play-book and by the hide-bound traditions of custom on the stage. Mr. Jefferson knew much hardship in his youth, but he has had a royal plenitude of success, ranging over a period of twenty-five years, chiefly with the part of Rip Van Winkle (though he has also often within that time acted Caleb Plummer, Bob Brierly, Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Ollapod, Mr. Golightly, and Hugh de Bras); but the reason of this success cannot be found in conventional adherence to stage customs and critical standards.

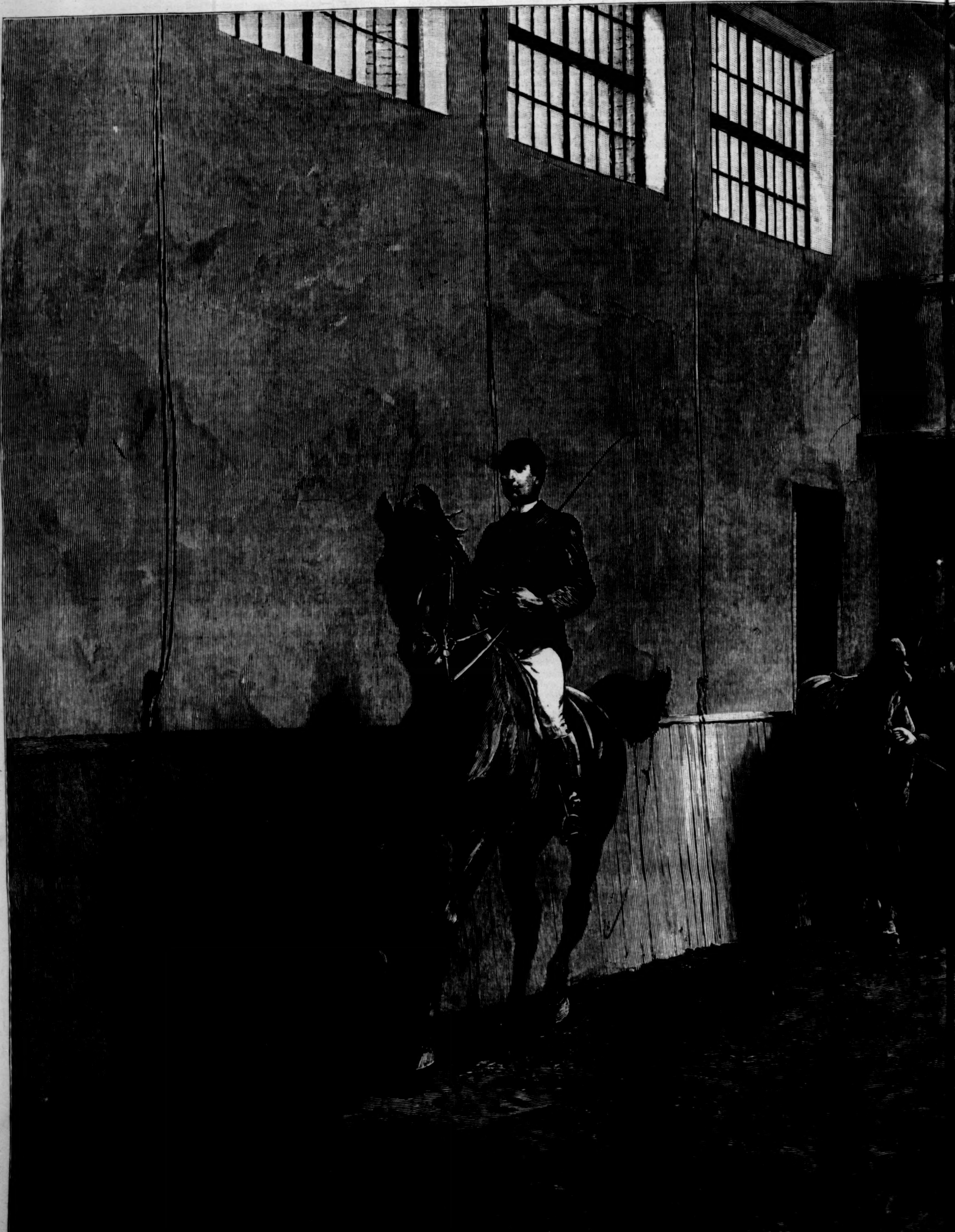
Mr. Jefferson has gained his great power over the people—of which his great fame is the shadow—simply by giving himself in his art—his own rich and splendid nature and the crystalled conclusions of his own experience. As an artist, when it comes to execution, he leaves nothing to chance. The most seemingly artless of his proceedings is absolutely defined in advance, and never is what ignorant people call impulsive and spontaneous. But his temperament is free, fluent, opulent, and infinitely tender; and when the whole man is aroused, this flows into the moulds of literary and dramatic art, and glorifies them. When you are looking at Mr. Jefferson as Acres in the duel scene in *The Rivals*, you laugh at him, but almost you laugh through your tears. When you see Mr. Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle confronting the ghosts on the lonely mountain-top at midnight, you see a display of imaginative personality quite as high as that of Hamlet in tremulous sensibility to supernatural influence, although, of course, wholly apart from Hamlet in altitude of intellect and in anguish of experience. The poetry of the impersonation, though, is entirely consonant with Hamlet, and this is the secret of Mr. Jefferson's exceptional hold upon the heart and the imagination of his time. The public taste does not ask Mr. Jefferson to trifle with his art. Its deep, spontaneous, natural preference feels that he is a great actor, and so yields to his power, and enjoys his charm, and is all the time improved and made fitter to enjoy it. This season Mr. Jefferson's alliance with William J. Florence, who plays Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and who is one of the few entirely accomplished and versatile actors upon the stage (with a range of parts reaching from Fra Diavolo to Obenreizer, and from the Irish Emigrant to Captain Cuttle and Bardwell Slote), augments the public interest in his enterprise. Mrs. John Drew is also with him—the most superbly truthful Mrs. Malaprop of the present theatrical age. The dear and venerable name of John Gilbert was also to have been written beside those of Jefferson and his distinguished allies, but death has quenched that serene and lovely light. In Jefferson by himself, however, the public sees the true and sufficient representative type of the actor. He has reached as great a height as it is possible to reach in that profession. He could if he chose play greater parts than he has ever attempted; he could not give a better exemplification than he gives in his chosen and customary achievement of all that is distinctive, beautiful, and beneficent in the art of the actor.

William Winter.

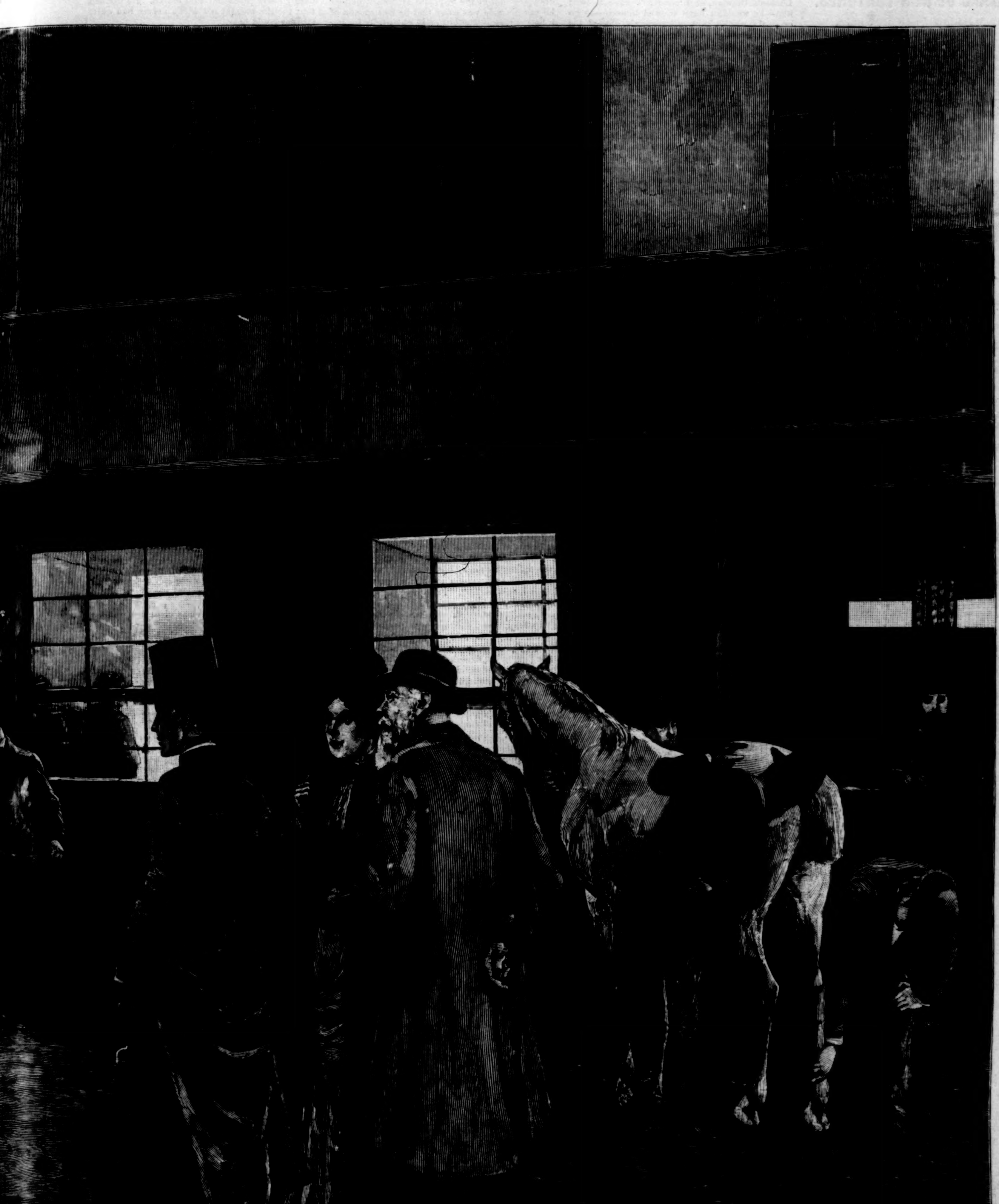


POLITICAL EQUATION IN NEW YORK.

"Dave" = Democracy, and "Tom" = Republicanism, and why should not "Dave" and "Tom" fight it out between themselves?



SELECTING A SADDLE-HORSE.—D AWN



wn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 859.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

X.

In spite of the experience of the whole race from time immemorial, when death comes to any one we know we helplessly regard it as an incident of life, which will presently go on as before. Perhaps this is an instinctive perception of the truth that it does go on somewhere; but we have a sense of death as absolutely the end even for earth, only if it relates to some one remote or indifferent to us. March tried to project Lindau to the necessary distance from himself in order to realize the fact in his case, but he could not, though the man with whom his youth had been associated in a poetic friendship had not actually re-entered the region of his affection to the same degree, or in any like degree. The changed conditions forbade that. He had a soreness of heart concerning him; but he could not make sure whether this soreness was grief for his death, or remorse for his own uncandor with him about Dryfoos, or a foreboding of that accounting with his conscience which he knew his wife would now exact of him down to the last minutest particular of their joint and several behavior toward Lindau ever since they had met him in New York.

He felt something knock against his shoulder, and he looked up to have his hat struck from his head by a horse's nose. He saw the horse put his foot on the hat, and he reflected, "Now it will always look like an accordion," and he heard the horse's driver address him some sarcasms before he could fully awaken to the situation. He was standing bareheaded in the middle of Fifth Avenue, and blocking the tide of carriages flowing in either direction. Among the faces put out of the carriage windows he saw that of Dryfoos looking from a coupé. The old man knew him, and said, "Jump in here, Mr. March;" and March, who had mechanically picked up his hat, and was thinking, "Now I shall have to tell Isabel about this at once, and she will never trust me on the street again without her," mechanically obeyed. Her confidence in him had been undermined by his being so near Conrad when he was shot; and it went through his mind that he would get Dryfoos to drive him to a hatter's, where he could buy a new hat, and not be obliged to confess his narrow escape to his wife till the incident was some days old and she could bear it better. It quite drove Lindau's death out of his mind for the moment; and when Dryfoos said if he was going home he would drive up to the first cross-street and turn back with him, March said he would be glad if he would take him to a hat-store. The old man put his head out again and told the driver to take them to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "There's a hat-store around there somewhere, seems to me," he said; and they talked of March's accident as well as they could in the rattle and clatter of the street till they reached the place. March got his hat, passing a joke with the hatter about the impossibility of pressing his old hat over again, and came out to thank Dryfoos and take leave of him.

"If you ain't in any great hurry," the old man said, "I wish you'd get in here a minute. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Oh, certainly," said March, and he thought: "It's coming now about what he intends to do with *Every Other Week*. Well, I might as well have all the misery at once and have it over."

Dryfoos called up to his driver, who bent his head down sidewise to listen: "Go over there on Madison Avenue, onto that asphalt, and keep drivin' up and down till I stop you. I can't hear myself think on these pavements," he said to March. But after they got upon the asphalt, and began smoothly rolling over it, he seemed in no haste to begin. At last he said, "I wanted to talk with you about that—that Dutchman that was at my dinner—Lindau," and March's heart gave a jump with wonder whether he could have already heard of Lindau's death; but in an instant he perceived that this was impossible. "I been talkin' with Fulkerson about him, and he says they had to take the balance of his arm off."

March nodded; it seemed to him he could not speak. He could not make out from the close face of the old man anything of his motive. It was set, but set as a piece of broken mechanism is when it has lost the power to relax itself. There was no other history in it of what the man had passed through in his son's death.

"I don't know," Dryfoos resumed, looking aside at the cloth window-strap, which he kept fingering, "as you quite understood what made me the maddest. I didn't tell him I could talk Dutch, because I can't keep it up with a regular German; but my father was Pennsylvany Dutch, and I could understand what he was saying to you about me. I know I had no business to understood it, after I let him think I couldn't; but I did, and I didn't like very well to have a man callin' me a traitor and a tyrant at my own table. Well, I look at it differently now, and I reckon I had better have tried to put up with it; and I would, if I could have known—" He stopped, with a quivering lip, and then went on. "Then, again, I didn't like his talkin' that paternalism of his. I always heard it was the worst kind of thing for the country; I was brought up to think the best government was the one that governs the least; and I didn't want to hear that kind of talk from a man that was livin' on my money. I couldn't bear it from him. Or I thought I couldn't before—before—" He stopped again, and gulped. "I reckon now there ain't anything I couldn't bear."

March was moved by the blunt words and the mute stare forward with which they ended. "Mr. Dryfoos, I didn't know that you understood Lindau's German, or I shouldn't have allowed him—he wouldn't have allowed himself—to go on. He wouldn't have knowingly abused his position of guest to censure you, no matter how much he condemned you."

"I don't care for it now," said Dryfoos. "It's all past and gone, as far as I'm concerned; but I wanted you to see that I wasn't tryin' to punish him for his opinions, as you said."

"No; I see now," March assented, though he thought his position still justified. "I wish—"

"I don't know as I understand much about his opinions, anyway; but I ain't ready to say I want the men dependent on me to manage my business for me. I always tried to do the square thing by my hands; and in that particular case out there, I took on all the old hands just as fast as they left their Union. As for the game I came on them, it was dog eat dog, anyway."

March could have laughed to think how far this old man was from even conceiving of Lindau's point of view, and how he was saying the worst of himself that Lindau could have said of him. No one could have characterized the kind of thing he had done more severely than he when he called it dog eat dog.

"There's a great deal to be said on both sides," March began, hoping to lead up through this generality to the fact of Lindau's death; but the old man went on:

"Well, all I wanted him to know is that I wasn't trying to punish him for what he said about things in general. You naturally got that idea, I reckon; but I always went in for lettin' people say what they please and think what they please; it's the only way in a free country."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Dryfoos, that it would make little difference to Lindau now—"

"I don't suppose he bears malice for it," said Dryfoos, "but what I want to do is to have him told so. He could understand just why I didn't want to be called hard names, and yet I didn't object to his thinkin' whatever he pleased. I'd like him to know—"

"No one can speak to him, no one can tell him," March began again, but again Dryfoos prevented him from going on.

"I understand it's a delicate thing; and I'm not askin' you to do it. What I would really like to do—if you think he could be prepared for it, some way, and could stand it—would be to go to him myself, and tell him just what the trouble was. I'm in hopes, if I done that, he could see how I felt about it."

A picture of Dryfoos going to the dead Lindau with his vain regrets presented itself to March, and he tried once more to make the old man understand. "Mr. Dryfoos," he said, "Lindau is past all that forever," and he felt the ghastly comedy of it when Dryfoos continued, without heeding him:

"I got a particular reason why I want him to believe it wasn't his ideas I objected to—them ideas of his about the government carryin' everything on and givin' work. I don't understand 'em exactly, but I found a writin'—among—my son's—things" (he seemed to force the words through his teeth), "and I reckon he—thought—that way. Kind of a diary—where he—put down—his thoughts. My son and me—we differed about a good—many things." His chin shook, and from time to time he stopped. "I wasn't very good to him, I reckon; I crossed him where I guess I got no business to crossed him; but I thought everything of—Coonrod. He was the best boy, from a baby, that ever was; just so patient and mild, and done whatever he was told. I ought to 'a' let him been a preacher! O my son, my son!" The sobs could not be kept back any longer; they shook the old man with a violence that made March afraid for him; but he controlled himself at last with a series of hoarse sounds like barks. "Well, it's all past and gone! But as I understand you from what you saw, when—Coonrod—was—killed, he was tryin' to save that old man from trouble?"

"Yes, yes! It seemed so to me."

"That 'll do, then! I want you to have him come back and write for the book when he gets well. I want you to find out and let me know if there's anything I can do for him. I'll feel as if I done it—for my—son. I'll take him into my own house, and do for him there, if you say so, when he gets so he can be moved. I'll wait on him myself. It's what Coonrod 'd do, if he was here. I don't feel any hardness to him because it was him that got Coonrod killed, as you might say, in one sense of the term; but I've tried to think it out, and I feel like I was all the more beholden to him because my son died tryin' to save him. Whatever I do, I'll be doin' it for Coonrod, and that's enough for me." He seemed to have finished, and he turned to March as if to hear what he had to say.

March hesitated. "I'm afraid, Mr. Dryfoos—Didn't Fulkerson tell you that Lindau was very sick?"

"Yes, of course. But he's all right, he said."

Now it had to come, though the fact had been latterly playing fast and loose with March's consciousness. Something almost made him smile; the willingness he had once felt to give this old man pain; then he consoled himself by thinking that at least he was not obliged to meet Dryfoos's wish to make atonement with the fact that Lindau had renounced him, and would on no terms work for such a man as he, or suffer any kindness from him. In this light Lindau seemed the harder of the two, and March had the momentary force to say: "Mr. Dryfoos—it can't be. Lindau—I have just come from him—is dead."

XI.

"How did he take it? How could he bear it? Oh, Basil, I wonder you could have the heart to say it to him. It was cruel!"

"Yes, cruel enough, my dear," March owned to his wife, when they talked the matter over on his return home. He could not wait till the children were out of the way, and afterward neither he nor his wife was sorry that he had spoken of it before them. The girl cried plentifully for her old friend who was dead, and said she hated Mr. Dryfoos, and then was sorry for him, too; and the boy listened to all, and spoke with a serious sense that pleased his father. "But as to how he took it," March went on to answer his wife's question about Dryfoos, "how do any of us take a thing that hurts? Some of us cry out, and some of us—don't. Dryfoos drew a kind of long, quivering breath, as a child does when it grieves—there's something curiously simple and primitive about him—and didn't say anything. After a while he asked me how he could see the people at the hospital about the remains; I gave him my card to the young doctor there that had charge of Lindau. I suppose he was still carrying forward his plan of reparation in his mind—to the dead for the dead. But how useless! If he could have taken the living Lindau home with him, and cared for him all his days, what would it have profited the gentle creature whose life his worldly ambition vexed and thwarted here? He might as well offer a sacrifice at Conrad's grave. Children," said March, turning to them, "death is an exile that no remorse and no love can reach. Remember that, and be good to every one here on earth, for your longing to retrieve any harshness or unkindness to the dead will be the very ecstasy of anguish to you. I wonder," he mused, "if one of the reasons why we're shut up to our ignorance of what is to be hereafter isn't that we should be still more brutal to one another here, in the hope of making reparation somewhere else. Perhaps, if we ever come to obey the law of love on earth, the mystery of death will be taken away."

"Well"—the ancestral Puritanism spoke in Mrs. March—"these two old men have been terribly punished. They have both been violent and wilful, and they have both been punished. No one need ever tell *me* there is not a moral government of the universe!"

March always disliked to hear her talk in this way, which did both her head and heart injustice. "And Conrad," he said, "what was *he* punished for?"

"He?" she answered, in an exaltation; "he suffered for the sins of others."

"Ah, well, if you put it in that way, yes. That goes on continually. That's another mystery."

He fell to brooding on it, and presently he heard his son saying, "I suppose, papa, that Mr. Lindau died in a bad cause?"

March was startled. He had always been so sorry for Lindau, and admired his courage and generosity so much, that he had never fairly considered this question. "Why, yes," he answered; "he died in the cause of disorder; he was trying to obstruct the law. No doubt there was a wrong there, an inconsistency and an injustice that he felt keenly; but it could not be reached in his way without greater wrong."

"Yes; that's what I thought," said the boy. "And what's the use of our ever fighting about anything in America? I always thought we could vote anything we wanted."

"We can, if we're honest, and don't buy and sell one another's votes," said his father. "And men like Lindau, who renounce the American means as hopeless, and let their love of justice hurry them into sympathy with violence, yes, they are wrong; and poor Lindau did die in a bad cause, as you say, Tom."

"I think Conrad had no business there, or you either, Basil," said his wife.

"Oh, I don't defend myself," said March. "I was there in the cause of literary curiosity and of conjugal disobedience. But Conrad—yes, he had some business there: it was his business to suffer there for the sins of others. Isabel, we can't throw aside that old doctrine of the Atonement yet. The life of Christ, it wasn't only in healing the sick and going about to do good; it was suffering for the sins of others! That's as great a mystery as the mystery of death. Why should there be such a principle in the world? But it's been felt, and more or less dumbly, blindly recognized ever since Calvary. If we love mankind, pity them, we even *wish* to suffer for them. That's what has created the religious orders in all times—the brotherhoods and sisterhoods that belong to our day—as much as to the mediæval past. That's what is driving a girl like Margaret Vance, who has everything that the world can offer her young beauty, on to the work of a Sister of Charity among the poor and the dying."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. March. "How—how did she look there, Basil?" She had her feminine misgivings; she was not sure but the girl was something of a *poseuse*, and enjoyed the picturesqueness, as well as the pain; and she wished to be convinced that it was not so.

"Well," she said, when March had told again the little there was to tell, "I suppose it must be a great trial to a woman like Mrs. Horn to have her niece going that way."

"The way of Christ?" asked March, with a smile.

"Oh, Christ came into the world to teach us how to live rightly in it, too. If we were all to spend our time in hospitals, it would be rather dismal for the homes. But perhaps you don't think the homes are worth minding?" she suggested, with a certain note in her voice that he knew.

He got up and kissed her. "I think the gimcrackeries are." He took the hat he had set down on the parlor table on coming in, and started to put it in the hall, and that made her notice it.

"You've been getting a new hat!"

"Yes," he hesitated; "the old one had got—was decidedly shabby."

"Well, that's right. I don't like you to wear them too long. Did you leave the old one to be pressed?"

"Well, the hatter seemed to think it was hardly worth pressing," said March. He decided that for the present his wife's nerves had quite all they could bear.

XII.

It was in a manner grotesque, but to March it was all the more natural for that reason, that Dryfoos should have Lindau's funeral from his house. He knew the old man to be darkly groping, through the payment of these vain honors to the dead, for some atonement to his son, and he imagined him finding in them such comfort as comes from doing all one can, even when all is useless.

No one knew what Lindau's religion was, and in default they had had the Anglican burial service read over him; it seems the refuge of all the homeless dead. Mrs. Dryfoos came down for the ceremony. She understood that it was for Coonrod's sake that his father wished the funeral to be there; and she confided to Mrs. March that she believed Coonrod would have been pleased. "Coonrod was a member of the 'Piscopal Church; and fawther's doin' the whole thing for Coonrod as much as for anybody. He thought the world of Coonrod, fawther did. Mela, she kind of thought it would look queer to have two funerals from the same house, hand-runnin', as you might call it, and one of 'em no relation, either; but when she saw how fawther was bent on it, she give in. Seems as if she was tryin' to make up to fawther for Coonrod as much as she could. Mela always was a good child, but nobody can ever come up to Coonrod."

March felt all the grotesqueness, the hopeless absurdity of Dryfoos's endeavor at atonement in these vain obsequies to the man for whom he believed his son to have died; but the effort had its magnanimity, its pathos, and there was a poetry that appealed to him in this reconciliation through death of men, of ideas, of conditions, that could only have gone warring on in life. He thought, as the priest went on with the solemn liturgy, how all the world must come together in that peace which, struggle and strive as we may, shall claim us at last. He looked at Dryfoos, and wondered whether he would consider these rites a sufficient tribute, or whether there was enough in him to make him realize their futility, except as a mere sign of his wish to retrieve the past. He thought how we never can atone for the wrong we do; the heart we have grieved and wounded cannot kindle with pity for us when once it is stilled; and yet we can put our evil from us with penitence; and somehow, somewhere the order of loving-kindness, which our passion or our wilfulness has disturbed, will be restored.

Dryfoos, through Fulkerson, had asked all the more intimate contributors of *Every Other Week* to come. Beaton was absent, but Fulkerson had brought Miss Woodburn, with her father, and Mrs. Leighton and Alma, to fill up, as he said. Mela was much present, and was official with the arrangement of the flowers and the welcome of the guests. She imparted this impersonality to her reception of Kendricks, whom Fulkerson met in the outer hall with his party, and whom he presented in whisper to them all. Kendricks smiled under his breath, as it were, and was then mutely and seriously polite to the Leightons. Alma brought a little bunch of flowers, which were lost in the presence of those which Dryfoos had ordered to be unsparingly provided.

It was a kind of satisfaction to Mela to have Miss Vance come, and reassuring as to how it would look to have the funeral there; Miss Vance would certainly not have come unless it had been all right; she had come, and had sent some Easter lilies.

"Ain't Christine coming down?" Fulkerson asked Mela.

"No; she ain't a bit well, and she 'ain't been, ever since Coonrod died. I don't know what's got over her," said Mela. She added, "Well, I should 'a' thought Mr. Beaton would 'a' made out to 'a' come!"

"Beaton's peculiar," said Fulkerson. "If he thinks you want him he takes a pleasure in not letting you have him."

"Well, goodness knows, *I* don't want him," said the girl.

Christine kept her room, and for the most part kept her bed; but there seemed nothing definitely the matter with her, and she would not let them call a doctor. Her mother said she reckoned she was beginning to feel the spring weather, that always perfectly pulled a body down in New York; and Mela said if being as cross as two sticks was any sign of spring fever, Christine had it bad. She was faithfully kind to her, and submitted to all her humors, but she recompensed herself by the freest criticism of Christine when not in actual attendance on her. Christine would not suffer Mrs. Mandel to approach her, and she had with her father a sullen submission which was not resignation. For her, apparently, Conrad had not died, or had died in vain.

"Pshaw!" said Mela, one morning when she came to breakfast, "I reckon if we was to send up an old card of Mr. Beaton's she'd rattle down-stairs fast enough. If she's sick, she's love-sick. It makes *me* sick to *see* her."

Mela was talking to Mrs. Mandel, but her father looked up from his plate, and listened. Mela went on: "*I* don't know what's made the fellow quit comun'. But he *was* an aggravatun' thing, and no more dependable than water. It's just like Mr. Fulkerson said, if he thinks you want him he'll take a pleasure in not lettun' you have him. I reckon that's what's the matter with Christine. I believe in my heart the girl 'll die if she don't git him."

Mela went on to eat her breakfast with her own good appetite. She now always came down to keep her father company, as she said, and she did her best to cheer and comfort him. At least she kept the talk going, and she had it nearly all to herself, for Mrs. Mandel was now merely staying on provisionally, and in the absence of any regrets or excuses from Christine, was looking ruefully forward to the moment when she must leave even this ungentle home for the chances of the ruder world outside.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

The old man said nothing at table, but when Mela went up to see if she could do anything for Christine, he asked Mrs. Mandel again about all the facts of her last interview with Beaton.

She gave them as fully as she could remember them, and the old man made no comment on them. But he went out directly after, and at *Every Other Week* office he climbed the stairs to Fulkerson's room, and asked for Beaton's address. No one yet had taken charge of Conrad's work, and Fulkerson was running the thing himself, as he said, till he could talk with Dryfoos about it. The old man would not look into the empty room where he had last seen his son alive; he turned his face away, and hurried by the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOW.

WHEN you shall walk in pensive mood
The happy paths we used to know,
And sweet and gentle thoughts intrude,
And tender dreams of Long Ago,
How will your wakened spirit bear
Its bitter pang, its bleak despair?

When in your heart as now in mine,
Shall throb the pulse of sleepless grief—
Since nothing earthly or divine
In that dark hour can bring relief—
How will you mourn o'er wasted bliss
And that wild moment long for this!

The echo of a silent word,
An exhalation of the dew,
A lonely sigh at midnight heard
In depth of some funereal yew—
These shall be more, in that black day,
Than your true lover past away.

Then scorn no more the present hour,
Nor crush the roses while they bloom!
The best of time has only power
To hang a garland on a tomb;
And all that lasts when years are sped
Is hopeless memory of the dead.

WILLIAM WINTER.

BUYING A SADDLE-HORSE.

THE large picture printed in the present issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY represents a number of transactions that are daily taking place at this time of year. A young lady is inspecting a saddle-horse with a view to purchase, in which she is being assisted by a helpful father and mother. And unless she is already particularly inclined in favor of a special animal, she is not engaged in an easy task.

Good and desirable riding horses are not plenty in the markets. It is asserted by a proprietor of a riding academy that not more than one out of three green animals that he purchases at a venture proves satisfactory after training. Once in a while a good horse can be secured at auction. This is a case, however, where a seller has cause to leave the city, or is compelled to retrench his expenses. As a rule, the purchaser or his representative must know the animal he buys, and secure it by private contract. The prices range from $200 upward. A good horse for the saddle cannot often be bought in the city stables for less than $300. There are questions of gait, disposition, size, age, color, all to be passed on. Reputable sellers will guarantee a horse to be as represented. They prefer to have him examined by a veterinary surgeon before delivery, and resent the idea that their business is a tricky and dishonorable one.

Perhaps New York is supplied with riding horses better from Canada than from any other source, though they come from all directions. Kentucky sends many horses, finely bred and well-gaited, but they are less prepared to stand the rigors of our climate than the Canadians are. Then, again, the easy pace and the rack of the Kentucky and other Western horses are, for some inscrutable reason, not in favor here. There are exceptions, but, as a rule, the trotting cob is the favorite. It is growing possible for him to carry a full or reasonably bobbed tail without loss of caste; but the senseless practice is to have a surgical operation, including bone-sawing, performed. Most horse dealers and trainers decry this folly, but say that they must follow the demands of fashion. It may be said to the credit of all true horsemen that none of them defend the deforming process, and wherever a horse is hopelessly spoiled in appearance in consequence of the fad, the fact is reflected directly back upon the responsible party. "Buffalo Bill" is to be credited with striking a fairly successful blow at false horsemanship in England, and in securing the better and natural adaptation of rider to animal.

The easy canter is perceptibly growing in favor, though the trot holds the first place still, and much is to be said in its favor. It is a vigorous, exhilarating gait, and supplies the exercise sought in short rides, albeit that it has much of a dress-parade character. Long-distance riders have no use for it.

The interest taken in riding in New York is evidently increasing. The six miles of bridle paths in Central Park are a valuable boon to the users thereof, and it is perhaps only because of their better distribution that we cannot match Rotten Row in its crowds of massed equestrians. Clergymen and other professional men, through the recommendations of physicians and for pleasure, swell the volume of riders. It is also increased by children. The riding academies have become an established feature of city life. Their patronage is such as to insure good service, a supply of good animals, and whatever attendance is required for outside riding. Ladies are the chief customers of the academies, though men make more or less use of them. The customers of the riding academies are almost as numerous as those who own their own horses. Of the healthfulness of horseback riding it is scarcely necessary to speak. It is a recreation in the city that is necessarily confined to those in comfortable circumstances; but it is a permanent feature of metropolitan life, and the fact is testified to by the arrangements of Park management. With respect to the dangers of horseback riding, the records of Central Park show that there is a most remarkable paucity of them. Some accidents have occurred, but they have been very rare, and in all cases it has been a careless man and not a woman who has caused the trouble. A lady too, as a rule, can judge a horse well. She does not often make a mistake. And it must be said in favor of the horse that he is chivalrous. He is less likely to mistreat a woman than a man.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

MEN WHO CONTROL MILLIONS.*

IV.—A GROUP OF DRY-GOODS MAGNATES.

JOHN CLAFLIN.

IN 1832 Horace B. Claflin started in business in Worcester, Massachusetts, having a total cash capital of $1000, which had been given to him by his father. In 1885 he died, leaving his son, the subject of this sketch, the head of the largest mercantile house in the world. In twenty-five years the firm of H. B. Claflin & Co., now a New York house, has sold more than $1,000,000,000 worth of goods. In a single year it has sold $72,000,000 worth, and in a single day over a million and a half. No such growth was ever seen in the mercantile world, and there were not wanting many prophets who declared, when the remarkable man died who had built up the business, that the glory of the firm had departed, and that it would no longer hold its proud position in the van. Yet to-day, with sales amounting to between forty and fifty millions of dollars a year, it is handling four times as many goods as in the single year of the war when the figures were $72,000,000. The reason of this apparent contradiction is found in the fact that prices of staple goods, in which the firm principally deals, were seven or eight times as high at the time of the war as now.

A recital of some of the methods by which this colossal house was built up will indicate something of the education and character of the man who worthily succeeds the greatest merchant in history. Horace B. Claflin's first act when he got control of a small store in Milford, Massachusetts, a year before he started in Worcester, was to pour out on the ground all the spirituous liquor in the stock he had bought. At that time liquor for family use was invariably a part of the stock in every country store; but the twenty-year-old boy was strong enough to follow his convictions of right as implicitly as he always did afterward. Two notable examples of this may be mentioned.

In 1861, because more than one-half its assets were locked up in the rebellious States, the firm asked for a compromise with its creditors on the basis of seventy cents on the dollar. This was granted, and the notes given in pursuance of the arrangement were promptly met. Moreover, in less time than seemed possible, the remaining thirty cents were paid, although no obligation had been given or legally implied that they should be paid. Mr. Claflin then sought out a number of creditors who had refused the compromise notes, and had sold their claims for cash, and paid them up in full. In addition, he paid full interest on every dollar of deferred payment.

In 1873, with outstanding claims against him (for he was practically the firm, though his partners were men of character and ability) of $25,000,000, he was unable to obtain the discounts that would have been a matter of course but for the panic, and he then extricated his firm from the dangers which surrounded it by the bold expedient of selling enormous amounts of his stock of merchandise for cash at a sweeping reduction of prices.

The present head of the house, John Claflin, was born in Brooklyn on July 24, 1850, but looks younger than he is. He was liberally educated in the schools of New York and Brooklyn, and in the College of the City of New York, graduating with honors in 1869. He inherited his father's aptitude and liking for trade, and entered a mercantile career in 1870, becoming a junior partner of his father's three years later. It was the year of the last of the great panics, and he had an opportunity early in life for the exercise of qualities that proved his fitness to become the famous merchant's successor. The experience was valuable to him, and by the assistance he rendered his father at the time, he established his reputation firmly. In the father's later years much of the care of the business devolved upon the son, and the uninterrupted prosperity of the concern has continued since the father's death and the son's succession.

John Claflin is a hard worker for ten months of each year, but is equally devoted to amusement during the two months' vacation which he takes regularly every summer. His amusement, however, takes a direction that is not common among men of his wealth and occupation. He is an enthusiastic traveller and explorer, and of late years has gone each summer to the Rocky Mountains, usually quite alone, and amused himself by hunting bears. It is said that he is prouder of the fact that he has not failed to kill a grizzly every summer for many years past than he is of his position in the mercantile world.

The least frequented regions of the Rocky Mountains are not, however, the only portions of the world rarely visited by white men which he has explored. He has visited every portion of the United States, and has travelled very extensively in Mexico, South America, Europe, and the East. Few books of travel record a more notable journey than one which he accomplished in 1877. Accompanied then by a single white companion, he entered the South American continent at Peru, and made his way across to the mouth of the Amazon, travelling the most of the way by mule or canoe. The route he followed has seldom been traversed in its entirety by a white man, and many efforts were made to dissuade him from tempting its perils, but though his only object was pleasure, he was not to be stopped, and accomplished the journey safely in about six months. One month of this time was spent on the banks of the Madeira River, endeavoring to recruit a band of friendly Indians, his first escort, with the exception of one man, having deserted him because of their fear of the savage tribes in the neighboring country.

Mr. Claflin, like his father, is a trustee but not a member of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. He is also actively interested in and is a trustee of many of the charitable institutions in Brooklyn, in which city he spends about half of each year, occupying the splendid mansion in Pierrepont Street which his father built. The other half he spends in the family residence in Fordham, in the upper part of New York city. While at home in either place his favorite amusement is, as his father's was, driving good horses. Every day, rain or shine, the old gentleman drove ten or twenty miles, and the son follows his example.

He is a director in the New York Life-insurance and the Home Life-insurance companies, and in the Continental, the Liberty, the Commonwealth, and several other fire-insurance companies. He has, however, never accepted the position of bank director, though he has been invited to do so by several of the principal banks in the city. His important and cordial relations with many banks make it undesirable for him to be identified with any one.

Mr. Claflin is probably the most easily accessible of any man who occupies a position of even approximate importance in the business world, discarding entirely those barriers of doors, ushers, and intermediary clerks with which most men of large affairs surround themselves. A man who has business with him has only to walk into his open office and announce himself. He is easy, affable, and sociable in manner, and an exceedingly interesting conversationalist. He is unmarried.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

Cornelius N. Bliss, a well-known merchant and citizen of New York, is a native of Fall River, Massachusetts. His ancestry were originally English, who came to New England about 1640 A.D. Up to the age of fourteen he lived in his birthplace, where he received a public-school education. He then went to New Orleans, which was the home of his mother and his step-father, Mr. Edward S. Keep, and completed his studies in the high-school of that city. On graduating he entered commercial life, and passed a year in his step-father's counting-room. In 1848, seeing the business supremacy of the North, he went to Boston and obtained employment with James M. Beebe & Co., at that time the largest dry-goods house in the United States. He made rapid progress, and displayed so much ability in managing affairs that in a few years he was made a member of the firm. He remained until the house dissolved, 1866, when most of the members retired with handsome competencies. He next associated himself as a partner with John S. & Eben Wright & Co., another prominent Boston dry-goods house. On account of the changes in business methods, whereby New York has become the metropolis of the continent, he came to this city and started a branch house here. In a few years the branch had become the main office, and the firm name had changed to Wright, Bliss, & Fabyan, and thereafter to its present form of Bliss, Fabyan, & Co.

It is one of the most extensive houses in its own field of industry in the United States, and outside of its own business it represents a large number of the great weaving and printing establishments of the land. Aside from his regular business, Mr. Bliss is interested in several moneyed and other institutions, being a vice-president of the Fourth National Bank, a vice-president of the Union League Club, a governor of the New York Hospital, and an officer in various other corporations. From the time of his arrival in New York he has taken an active interest in politics and all other public affairs. He is an ardent Republican wherever party issues govern the question in hand, and while he seems to possess no ambition for office, and does not resort to the methods employed by party workers to obtain popularity or secure leadership, he has long been recognized as one of the practical leaders of the State, if not of the national party organization. Despite his refusal to accept the nomination under any circumstances, his name has been mentioned in no less than five campaigns as the Republican candidate for the position of Mayor of New York. Still more striking is the fact that at the Republican State Convention of 1885 his name was presented for the Gubernatorial nomination as a personal compliment, and there was immediately trouble in the Convention, for, whereas the nomination was only intended as a compliment, the great body of delegates was with difficulty restrained from giving him the position of candidate at once.

Mr. Bliss is a man of family, and lives in a most enjoyable home in Madison Avenue in this city. His tastes are domestic, yet he finds time to be an attendant at many public events. He belongs to the Union League Club, and is a director there, while his name is enrolled in several other social organizations. He is a man of generous instincts, and is a giver rather than a hoarder, though he has accumulated a large fortune by his successful handling of large enterprises. He is of middle height, strongly and well built. His clear ruddy complexion is rather English than American in character. Closely trimmed gray hair and side whiskers add attractiveness to the genial expression which the accompanying portrait shows.

W. L. STRONG.

Mr. W. L. Strong is considered the leading man in the commission trade in textile fabrics in New York—no inconsiderable distinction when the character and extent of the competition in that business are understood. He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1827, and was educated in the common schools there. Reversing the rule among ambitious young men, he came East in 1853, and sought employment in New York city. Obtaining this with the firm of L. O. Wilson & Co., he remained with them until 1858, and then took a position as clerk with Farnham, Dale, & Co. This was a commission house in the same business in which Mr. Strong has continued ever since, and remaining, as he did, with the one firm and its successors until he became himself the head of the firm that succeeded in turn, he has retained a considerable number of the same accounts that were on the books when he entered the establishment.

Some notion of the changes that have occurred in the years that have elapsed since then may be formed from the fact that in April, 1860, when Farnham, Dale, & Co. moved into what is now the centre of the dry-goods district, they hung out what was then the only dry-goods sign in Anthony Street. The street is now called Worth, and the business there is mainly dry-goods.

When Mr. Strong came to New York he had less than a hundred dollars in money, and his position and ample fortune of to-day are the results of his own pluck and hard work. His character and ability came to be so well known that in time he commanded the agency of mill after mill, and as his trade enlarged he was able to take from each one of these all the goods they produced. His firm is now the exclusive agent for seventeen of the leading mills in the country, mostly engaged in the manufacture of flannels, and it ranks among the largest concerns in the business.

The same characteristics which cause him to be regarded as a leader in his branch of trade have made him a conspicuous figure in many public matters. He is an ardent Republican, and a prominent member of the Union League Club. Avoiding the smaller contests in politics, he is active in every Presidential election, and has been for over twenty years. His work lies chiefly in the council, though he has never allowed his name to be put on the roll of the National nor State Committee, and has never accepted a nomination to any public office. His energies and his purse, however, are reckoned among the important resources of his party. In 1882, when the project of a World's Fair was pushed for a while in New York, Mr. Strong was made chairman of the Executive Committee of the Commission appointed by the general government—a position for which he had demonstrated his fitness by his services as chairman of the Finance Committee in the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876. He is one of the warmest and most enthusiastic advocates of the claims of New York as the site for the Quadricentennial Fair of 1892, and does not admit the possibility of its being held elsewhere. He has, however, avoided taking active part in the preparations hitherto.

Besides his membership in the Union League Club, Mr. Strong belongs to the Merchants' Club and to the Ohio Society. He is, however, less of a club-man than he would be if his tastes were less domestic. He is married and has two children, and his home claims the most of his time outside of business hours. He is a vestry-man of the Church of the Incarnation, where he has been an attendant for twenty-five years.

His influence has led to his being chosen to fill numerous other places of importance. He is a director of the Erie Railway, and of the New York Life-insurance Company, being one of the Finance Committee in the latter corporation. He is also a director in the Hanover Fire-insurance Company, one of the vice-presidents of the New York Security and Trust Company, president of the Central National Bank, and president of the Griswold Worsted and Silk Company.

In his manner, Mr. Strong is earnest, direct, and positive, though his affability prevents him from seeming aggressive. He is easy and social in his intercourse with men, and is readily approachable on any subject, though impatient and intolerant of the slightest shadow of humbug or sham.

EDWARD H. AMMIDOWN.

A face and figure familiar to all who take an active part in the public life of New York is that of a short, slender, and finely featured man of about sixty years of age, whose closely trimmed gray hair and beard, bright gray eyes, nervous expression, and quick, restless movements proclaim their owner to be a typical American. Edward Holmes Ammidown, for such is the name of the man described, is, indeed, a representative Yankee. He was born in Southbridge, Worcester County, Massachusetts, October 28, 1830. His family is one of the oldest in New England. It started in this country with Roger Ammidown, a Huguenot refugee, who first came to Salem about

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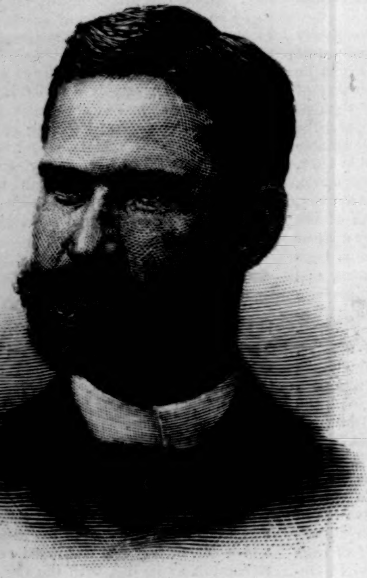
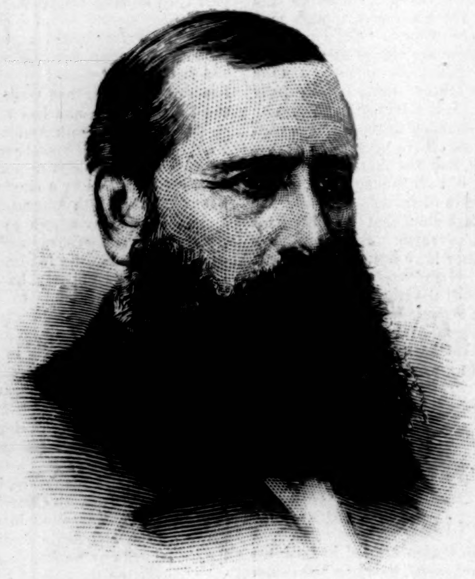
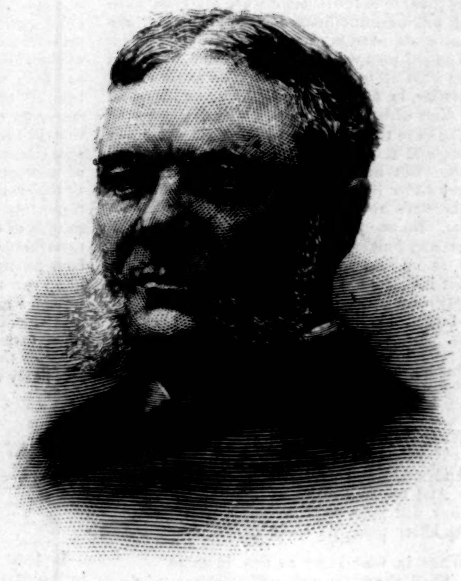
* The preceding numbers of this series were published in the WEEKLY of August 3d, August 24th, and September 28th.



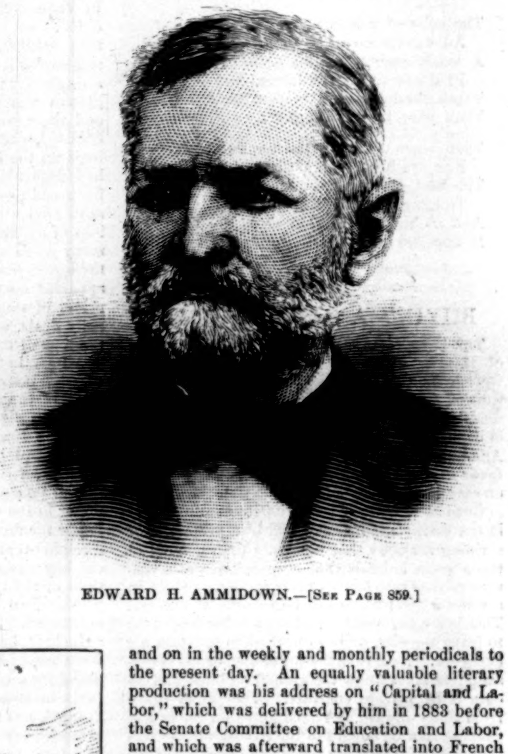
JOHN CLAFLIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.
[SEE PAGE 859.]



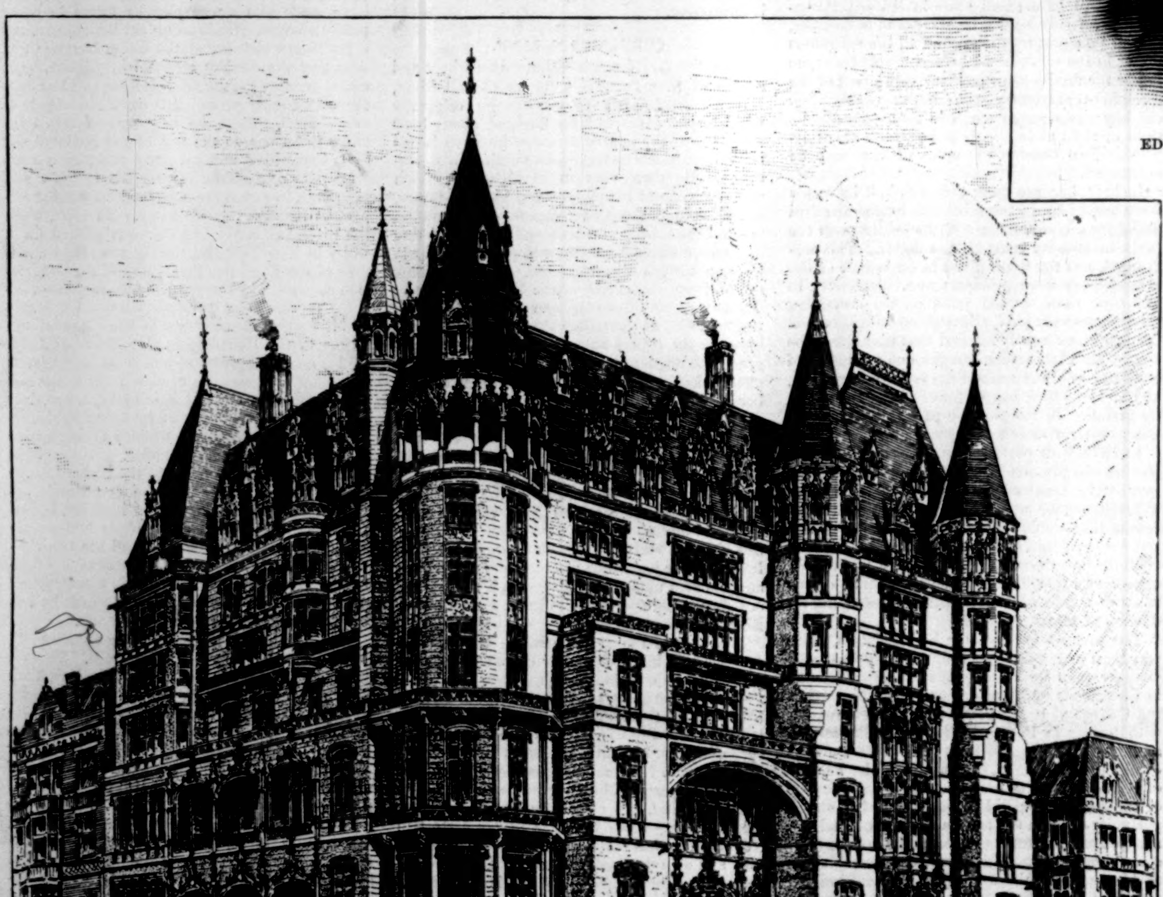
W. L. STRONG.—[SEE PAGE 859.]



CORNELIUS N. BLISS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.
[SEE PAGE 859.]



EDWARD H. AMMIDOWN.—[SEE PAGE 859.]



THE PROPOSED NEW REPUBLICAN CLUB HOUSE.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN.—[SEE PAGE 862.]

1640, and afterward became one of the earliest settlers of Boston. The succeeding generations displayed both commercial and literary aptitude, which, though not of the highest order, was sufficient to give them a prominent standing in the metropolis of the Bay State. One of them, Holmes Ammidown, the father of the subject of this sketch, was a historiographer of no mean ability, and left in his *Historical Collections* a work that is invaluable to all collectors of Americana.

Mr. Ammidown passed his boyhood and youth in Boston, where he received his education, graduating successively from the public school, the English High-school of that city, and Harvard College. Of the last-mentioned institution he belonged to the class of 1853—a class which has since achieved fame for the number of the alumni who became distinguished in their various walks of life. After graduating he travelled widely both in this country and in Europe. During his trip he gained a good acquaintance with the languages and literature of both France and Germany. Upon his return from abroad he came to New York in pursuit of a mercantile career, and in 1860 entered the dry-goods commission business, whose head-quarters had moved to this city from Boston during the preceding decade. In this he was very successful, and in a short time became one of the leading men in that line of trade, a position which he has ever since retained. In addition to this he has taken an active interest in corporate and other institutions, and since 1864 has been an officer or director in many banks, insurance companies, and manufacturing enterprises. Of these the more important are the Importers and Traders Bank, the United States Life-insurance Company, and the Dundee Water-power and Land Company, a powerful corporation controlling and utilizing the waters of the Passaic River in New Jersey.

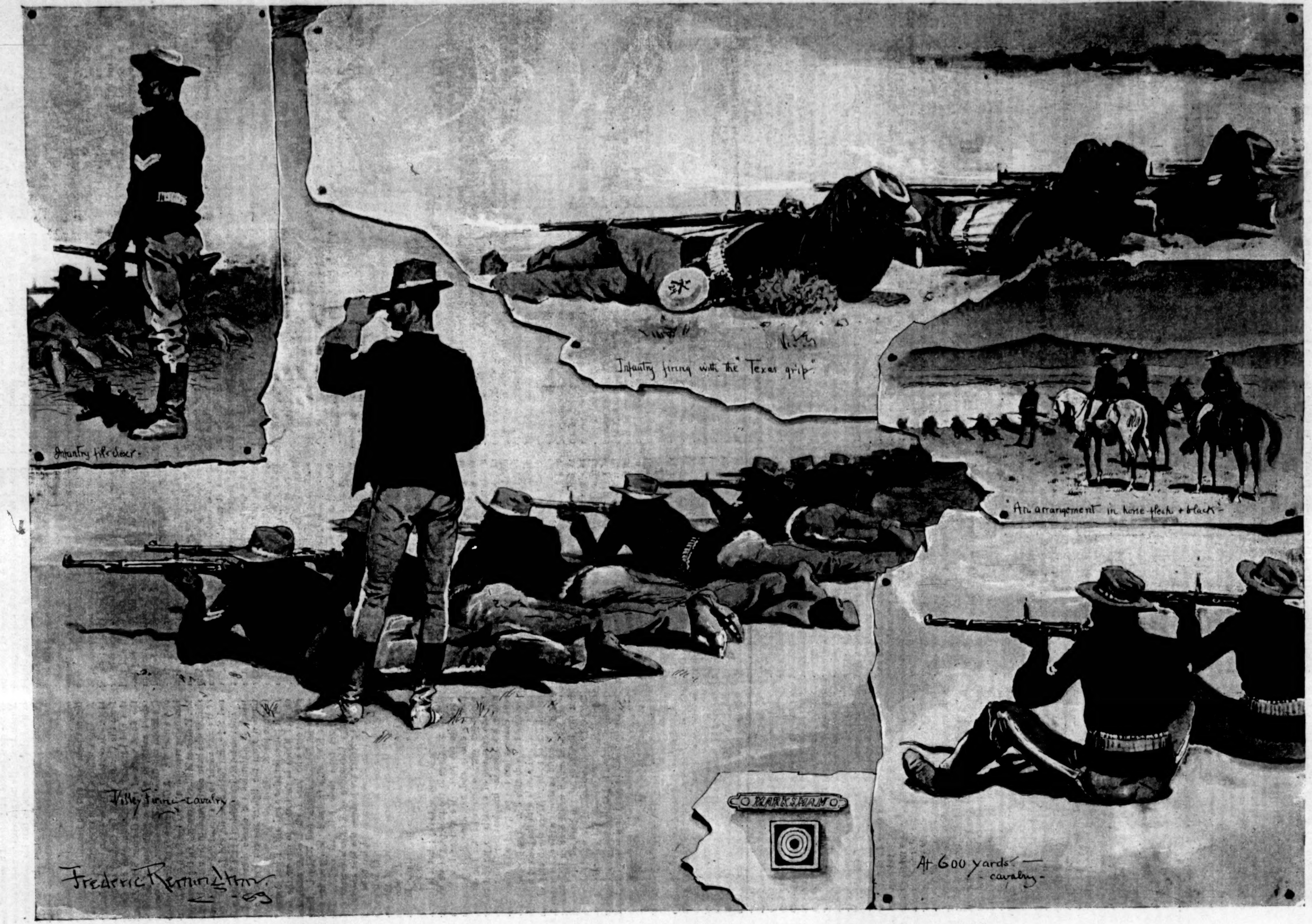
Unlike the majority of her great merchants, he has always been prominently identified with politics and State affairs. Before the war he was a liberal Democrat, but upon its breaking out became an intensely active Republican. During the rebellion he was an ardent supporter of the Union, and contributed largely in every way to its cause. Ever since that time he has been one of the leaders of the Republican organization. In connection with his political relations he has contributed extensively to the press, both newspaper and general. An article which appeared in July, 1882, upon "National Illiteracy," brought him prominently before the reading public, and started a discussion which has continued off and on in the weekly and monthly periodicals to the present day. An equally valuable literary production was his address on "Capital and Labor," which was delivered by him in 1883 before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and which was afterward translated into French and German, and published in those countries.

At the beginning of the tariff discussion in 1881 he came out as an earnest supporter of the protection theory, and from that time on has been indefatigable in advocating his opinions on the subject. In 1882 he was elected chairman of the Metropolitan Industrial League, and did most of the work in preparing the voluminous report which that body submitted to the national government. It was first published in pamphlet form, but as the original edition was soon exhausted, through the general interest it aroused, the government reissued it in official form. It is still used as a reference book in Congressional debates, and employed as a storehouse of material by "spellbinders" and other hired stump-speakers. In 1883 he was among the chief organizers of the Cooper Institute meeting, when it was feared by the leaders that the Republican party would change its policy upon the tariff question. During the campaign of 1884 he was a busy worker for Mr. Blaine, devoting his time, however, to the dissemination of Republican literature rather than to routine political work. The following year he became the president of the American Protection Tariff League, in which position he displayed a remarkable amount of executive ability, and of which he still remains the practical head.

Largely through his instrumentality this association was made national in character, and to a certain extent separated from party lines. It has branches in every part of the country, even including the South, and was so strengthened and developed in the three years 1886, '87, '88, under Mr. Ammidown's administration during that period, that it became a potent factor in the defeat of Mr. Cleveland in 1888.

Another work of his worthy of mention was his minority report delivered in 1884 before the Chamber of Commerce, of which he is a member, upon the Spanish Treaty. This in the main was adopted by that body, and made so deep an impression upon the country and upon Congress as to prevent the confirmation of the treaty, although before that time it had seemed certain of being passed.

He has never held public office, the only political honor he having accepted was that of Presidential elector upon the Republican ticket of 1884. Among other organizations, he is a member of the Century and the Union League clubs.


Infantry file closer.
Infantry firing with the "Texas grip"
An arrangement in horse flesh + black-
Volley firing—cavalry-
MARKSMAN
At 600 yards—
-cavalry-
Frederic Remington.
-89

SKIRMISH LINE TARGET PRACTICE IN THE REGULAR ARMY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 862.]

THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.

In the fall of 1879 there was organized a club under the name of "The Young Men's Republican Club of the City of New York." The objects of the club were "to advocate, promote, and maintain the principles of Republicanism as enunciated by the Republican party, and to interest those in politics who had hitherto been more or less indifferent as to their political duties; to encourage attendance at the primary meetings, in order that honest and capable men might be nominated; and to guard and defend the purity of the ballot-box." Hon. Frederick G. Gedney was elected president, Alfred B. Price was elected secretary, and Stephen M. Wright, treasurer. These three gentlemen were the founders of what is now known as "The Republican Club of the City of New York."

Immediately upon its formation it took an active part in the election of Alonzo B. Cornell as Governor of the State of New York. Its principal aim was to interest the young voters of the State, and appeals were made directly to them. The club has been active in all national and State campaigns since its organization. It was instrumental in securing the additional representation at State Conventions, a movement which was found to be extremely popular with the Republicans of the State. It has been a valuable auxiliary to the National, State, and County committees, and as the club is largely composed of lawyers, their active co-operation and advice has been frequently sought for by these committees, and it has during every campaign, at its club-house, a corps of lawyers furnishing voters information as to their right to register and to vote, and on election day it has been instrumental in preventing the intimidation of voters by appearing for those illegally arrested.

It continued to increase its membership from year to year, and in the year 1887 it had a house in Twenty-eighth Street, which was fitted up as a social as well as a political club-house. The distinguishing feature as between this club and the Union League Club is that while the latter is largely social, and then political, the Republican Club is political, and then social. The club was the first to suggest the name of William M. Evarts as United States Senator, and was mainly instrumental in securing his election. It also was the originator of the plan for the formation of Republican clubs throughout the United States, and which in the campaign of 1888 was such an important adjunct to the regular party organization. In fact, the cause of Republicanism was encouraged in many States and Territories by the fact of this club organization. One of the features of this club is the annual dinner given in commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. At this social gathering it has been the custom to invite the most distinguished members of the party to the festive board, and upon these occasions one is sure to hear some of the ablest men of the party upon themes suggested by the committee.

The club now occupies a handsome house at 440 Fifth Avenue. It is elaborately furnished with parlors, reading-room, dining-room, billiard-room, and committee-rooms. It has a membership of about 650 resident and non-resident members. Its officers are: President, Mortimer C. Addoms; First Vice-President, Cephas Brainard; Second Vice-President, Edward Mitchell; Third Vice-President, Charles F. Homer; Treasurer, Alfred B. Price; Recording Secretary, Job B. Hedges; Corresponding Secretary, Henry Mellville. It has an executive committee of twenty-five of the prominent members of the club, with the officers as *ex officio* members. James A. Blanchard is the chairman of the executive committee, and William Leary is the secretary.

The rapid growth of the club, its great success, and the development of its power as a factor in the Republican party have necessitated the provision of a more suitable building for the accommodation of its members. At the last meeting of the club, in September, a committee was appointed, consisting of President Mortimer C. Addoms, Treasurer Alfred B. Price, William Brookfield, D. Morgan Hildreth, Jun., and Austin E. Pressinger, to prepare a plan for the building of a new club-house, and to report at the meeting of the club in October. The committee have been presented by Messrs. Marshall & Walter, architects, of this city, with the design for the club-house to be found on another page.

The architecture is of the early French Renaissance period, and represents a structure of seven stories, with a high basement, and sub-cellar under the same. At the angle of intersection of street and avenue is a tower, octagonal in outline, to the height of the third story, and from thence to and above the roof circular in form, with an arcade above the line of the cornice and balustrade, which is embellished with a series of arches "crocketed" and "pinnacled," this balustrade, together with those across the balcony fronts, being pierced with moulded traceries. Balconies are placed wherever opportunity affords, and make a leading feature for a specific purpose, viz., to afford sight-seers a "coign of vantage." Flanking the tower on the avenue façade is an octagonal turret supported partly by corbelling at the third story, and corniced from thence almost to the height of the main roof line. To the left of the turret an oriel-window is placed. It is carried up two stories, and is supported by moulded corbelling and a graceful column, the base of which is upon the story below. Still further to the left is a projecting bay from cellar to cornice line, surmounted by a wedge-shaped roof. To the right of this bay at the first and second stories are two deeply recessed arcades, floored at the second and roofed at the third story for use as piazzas. The façade on the avenue will be one hundred feet in width, and on the side street one hundred and fifty feet. The southerly façade possesses several striking features, notably a magnificent entrance, flanked by two square and octagonal towers, with a four-storied, richly traceried bay-window between the towers. Over the main entrance is thrown an arch the spandrels of which are ornamented with finely carved work. The soffit is moulded, and the arch is a support for the gallery. Above this part is placed at the fourth story another balcony. A private entrance at sidewalk level leads to the ladies' dining-room on the main floor, also to the fencing and bath rooms below. The roof is picturesque in outline, is covered with lead and Spanish tiles, and has a number of stout dormers in the main roof and towers. The materials throughout are fire-proof. Façades, from curb line to roof line, of Westchester County marble or cream-colored Indiana limestone.

The report of the committee contemplates the increase of initiation fees proportionate to the increase of members, so that it is proposed that at the expiration of the lease of the building now occupied by the club the sinking-fund from the initiation fees will be sufficient to undertake the commencement of the building of the club-house, and so that at the expiration of the time of the renewal of the lease the club-house will be ready for occupancy; and it is expected that at that time the membership will be sufficient to meet all the club obligations. The report of the committee was adopted unanimously by the club.

SKIRMISH LINE TARGET PRACTICE IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

While some of the best minds of Europe have been employed in the improvement and perfecting of fire-arms whose great range, rapidity of fire, and accuracy have become almost marvellous, it is of vital importance that the man in whose hands these machines of destruction are to be placed should be given a skill in their use that will enable him to reap the benefit upon the field of battle of the superiority of his weapon. In no country has greater thought and energy, assisted by careful experiment, been of late expended in the search of a thorough, practical, and rapid method of instruction than in the United States. Searching through Upton's *Tactics*, which every one hopes soon to see relegated to the antiquary's, one finds a few insignificant pages devoted to target practice. Going through some cañon of the West one may find a shot-marked cross or lead-bespattered bull's-eye painted on the rocky wall, which might be mistaken for a remnant of aboriginal art did not the neighborhood of an abandoned military post remind one that he is on the target range where United States soldiers uselessly, almost aimlessly, expended the few rounds allowed per year. No other reason than this sad lack of practice need be given for some of the bloody massacres wherein brave, unskilled men with slow-firing weapons have been thrown against ambuscades armed with repeating rifles in the hands of Indians well acquainted with their use. Though we still cling fondly to our ponderous, obsolete Springfield rifle, the matter of target practice has made great advance. The few short pages of Upton have been replaced by volume upon volume of carefully prepared instructions, until to-day our method of instruction in small-arm practice is almost perfect. The allowance of ammunition is still too small, and much time is wasted in the tedious operation of washing old shells and reloading them, thereby sapping the interest which the men naturally take in this branch of their calling, and which every officer finds necessary to keep at the highest point. The painted crosses and bull's-eyes, followed by rude plates of iron, have been replaced by ingenious targets of the revolving and disappearing type, leaving nothing to be desired in this respect.

Every one knows what a great incentive competition is; add to this the *esprit de corps* so inseparable from good soldiers, and you find that frequently the best interests of the service have been sacrificed to the personal ambition of company commanders to excel "on paper" in this field, and for this reason one finds most rigid rules with reference to the marking and scoring, not a shot being put on the record that is not fired in presence of an officer, and other necessary safeguards to insure fairness. All officers of each organization must sign an iron-clad certificate that the wise and salutary rules have been complied with.

In the last edition of *Small-arms Firing* one is very glad to find abandoned the pernicious method of allowing a few good scores picked out haphazard from among a long list of failures to give men the various classifications, such as "sharpshooter," "marksman," "first-class," etc., which used to mean little enough, but which now really show the proficiency of the man so classified. This later book of Colonel Blunt also devotes more time to the important skirmish practice, volley and file firing; in fact, to the really practical part of target practice. The sighting drills with empty guns, tedious that they are, are as necessary as any drill; the gallery practice teaches a man but little of his weapon, though practising his eye and nerves; even the practice at the regular range target is but a preliminary drill. One has to see men at their first skirmish practice to recognize at once the step that separates it from known distance firing.

The targets are all black, not a point on any one of them to sight at; the distance is no longer known. Men are firing on all sides, and with the smoke and dust comes the unsteadiness of the nerves due to running; all of this, however, assimilates to the conditions that will obtain in battle, though a great factor is left out in that the targets cannot return lead for lead, yet it is as practical as we are capable of having it, and we cannot do too much of it. It is all very well to expend a great deal of time and labor on drilling men in order to insure their arriving upon the line of battle when needed there; however, they will never be needed then simply for the purpose of stopping bullets, and the more enemies they can hit in a short space of time, the less of this unsatisfactory work will they have to do. Also has the invention of smokeless, almost silent, powder set a premium upon marksmanship. Our soldiers in the next conflict will have no excuse for wild firing at clouds of smoke, but each shot will be directed at the men of the enemy. See all of our departments; none offers more obstacles to the men than those existing in Arizona, and due to the soil and climate; owing to the high winds but little time is available for practice, while the glare of the alkali soil and prevalence of mirage render the results very unsatisfactory. Shortly after "reveille" the men march out, and the line of skirmishers formed about six hundred yards from the line of targets—steel frames covered with black paper, representing silhouettes of men in the act of firing from the standing, kneeling, and lying positions. The men are cautioned not to fire more than two shots at each "halt"; the clear musical notes of "Forward, march!" "Guide centre!" ring out in the quiet morning air, shortly followed by the spirited quick notes of "Double time!" Away goes the long swaying line. Stimulated by pride in his troop, each man is anxiously gauging the distance as he runs, noting carefully the wind, determined that as little as possible of the paper shall be left of the images in front of him. Not a sound is heard except the muffled tramp as the feet strike the soft white soil, sending up columns of fine dry powder. Suddenly the long peal of "Halt!" from the trumpet. Quick as a flash the line falls as though every man had been shot by some distant enemy. With a rapid movement the left leg has been run through the gun sling and the position of the Texas grip taken, and before the trumpeter can gain breath to sound the "Commence firing," the trained eyes have judged the distance, nimble fingers have slid the leaf of the sight and clamped it to the elevation required, and a cartridge has been thrown in. Suddenly, with the first note of the signal to fire, comes a crash, and, rippling, cracking, it is a stirring sight to watch this dust-covered line of blue, half shadowed by a slowly rising veil of drifting smoke; while far away among the black targets the earth seems torn by a passing whirlwind. Grouped in rear of the line stand the various officers. While watching the quivering second-hand, one of them signals "Cease firing." The line rises again, moves forward, once more to fall, and fire five times before reaching the two-hundred-yard mark; then "to the rear," and back come the men soiled with dust, great beads of perspiration showing the serious character of their work. Officers soon realize how difficult it is to command under fire and keep their men in command of their senses, even in practice of this sort.

The efficiency of volley fire depends largely upon the officer and the skill used by him in judging the distance and giving his commands. The men all fire at the word, the sitting-down position being used at the shorter range, and the lying-down position at the longer ones. Stand near the lines of targets during this practice if you wish to obtain an idea of the effect of modern rifle fire. Far down the range you see a line of small black dots; suddenly each dot bursts into a cloud of white vapor, then a rush as of falling water; a quick pattering as the bullets tear the targets; a few light puffs mark scattering shots as they ricochet singing over the prairie. As the men rise from the last volley of the season, covered from head to foot with the greasy alkali, the brown campaign hats down close over the eyes to shade from the vivid light, they may not impress one in the same manner that might a troop of imperial guard; but there is a confidence in the eyes, and a stern, business-like manner in the handling of the weapons, as they wheel away toward the low, shed-like barracks hidden far off among the yellowish hills, that one cannot but admire, with hopeful trust for the fate of the flag that will fly over them when our country calls for its unfurling.

Powhatan A. Clarke.

HOMES OF THE GERMAN POETS.

(*Continued from page 848, Supplement.*)

have been torn from the scaffold on which his body was placed after the Restoration, and carried to the Continent by one of his adherents, who died near Weimar, in the shelter of a friendly monastery, to which he gave this picture, all his remaining wealth.

Corona Schröter, one of the loveliest forms of the time, is here, painted by herself; Madame de Staël, D'Alton, Villoison, Wieland, Herder, Tieck, Werner, Kant, Einsiedel, Maurice of Nassau—we might call the roll of the illustrious of Germany for two hundred years, and find the greatest names represented here.

A curious document is worthy of attention from the irony of its history. It is a diploma conferring French citizenship upon Schiller, given by the French Republic to "Le Sieur Gille, publiste Allemand," and signed by Roland and Danton. A similar honor was conferred at the same time upon Washington, Franklin, Thomas Paine, and Klopstock. Schiller's enthusiasm for liberty, expressed in his earlier works, had been understood to sanction any wild struggle for independence. He felt, however, a horror for the excesses of the French Revolution. Klopstock returned his diploma; but when Schiller's was received, in 1798, many of those who had voted for it with acclamation and signed it, had fallen victims upon the scaffold to the revolution which they could not guide or control.

Weimar keeps well its old renown. A succession of illustrious princes have found it their highest honor to be the patrons of literature and art. The present Grand Duke Karl Alexander possesses a passion for mediæval and modern art. He has restored the Wartburg, so that it is one of the most perfect examples of a castle of the Middle Ages. He has gathered rare art treasures in his Italian journeys, so that his palace is rich in paintings, drawings, and bronzes. In one room hang the original cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," now, since the injuries of the original, of priceless value. Its early art direction has not been lost, and the beautiful Museum of Art bears witness to the existence of the early taste. It contains Preller's wonderful paintings from the Odyssee, which for delicacy of conception and harmony of representation are among the finest work of recent German art. An art school exists, in which a grandson of Schiller, the Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm, was long one of the teachers. A Conservatory of Music has an increasing reputation from the fame of its Director, Professor Müller-Hartung. Of the great musicians who have contributed to the musical taste of Weimar might be mentioned Schweizer, Hummel, Sebastian Bach, Joachim, and Liszt.

The theatre is distinguished by the fidelity with which it maintains the classic drama in distinction from the lighter modern French and German plays.

The palace contains a series of "Poets' Rooms," each of which is dedicated to one of the four great poets who have made Weimar celebrated—Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. Each room is filled with frescos depicting scenes and characters from their principal works. The paintings illustrative of Schiller's dramas and poems by Neher are perhaps the best known, as they have been often reproduced, but none equal in excellence Preller's illustrations of Wieland's "Oberon"; the rich, warm coloring of this famous landscape and historical painter, who was so long a prominent figure in Weimar life, is worthy of especial praise.

Such is the Weimar of to-day; but it is impossible to live there in the present, and we wander back into the past. We wonder how life can flow so calmly and monotonously in channels which were once so rich and full. The contrast, the non-existence of what is so present to our minds, bewilders the imagination; then the present changes into the past, and with every moment we live a double life. The past again becomes real, and blends with the present with the actual life of to-day. Were the beauty of the city less, it would be simply a city of monuments, every stone of which would bear an inscription; but the loveliness of the park, of the wooded mountains, and the fields of green and gold which cover their slopes, subdue and soften one's impressions, and we feel again something of the joy and charm which inspired the immortal works of old.

II.

WEIMAR AND JENA.

Across the hills from the valley of the Ilm to the valley of the Saale runs the highway which in olden times bound Weimar and Jena together. One city was the capital of the duchy, the other the seat of its university. In former days, when the Saxon lands were divided, Jena itself had been the seat of a dynasty, and the great bare palace, with its central court, still remains to testify to princely dignity. One of the great highways from southern Germany followed the valley of the Saale, along which armies marched to battle with the Slavs, and near which missionaries built holy houses in their journeys from the old Roman Empire of the south to new dominion in the east. The gray barren peaks of crumbling sandstone were once crowned with hostile castles, which poetry and tradition have made memorable. Legends of Barbarossa, of Günther, of Schwarzburg, and the mighty race of the Orlamünde are associated with these former border fortresses. Fascinating studies in German history, in mediæval chivalry, and art may be made at every point along the line of the rivers; a tower, a ruined bridge, or a stately silent cloister in the depths of the forest like that of Paulinzelle, suggest endless threads of early history.

Jena lies upon a low hill rising from the river; its dark roofs and gables give the appearance of age, while massive round-towers mark centuries of grim warfare, when its existence depended upon the strength of its defences. Back of the city lies the Galgenberg, which in the days of rude justice made executions conspicuous to the surrounding country. To the east lies the Landgrafenberg, upon the fatal summit of which Napoleon won the victory, as brilliant as it was disastrous to the Germans, the mention of which was humiliating, until the brilliant results of the last war had again vindicated German military glory.

When Charles the Fifth caught sight of Jena, after the battle of Mühlberg, he compared its situation to that of Florence with the Arno and its bridges and the heights of Fiesole above. There is something in common in the outline of the two cities, though the Saale, with its pebbly bed, is not so deep and swift as the Arno, and olive-trees with their pale green leaves do not cover the encircling hills.

There is perhaps no city of Europe in which one is so constantly reminded of the famous men who have made it their home. At the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the university all houses memorable as the residence of distinguished persons were sought out, and tablets recording the fact placed in the walls of each, bearing the name and the date of occupancy.

In a morning walk through the steep streets we can wander through the different periods of German history and literary life for several centuries. Some houses are quite covered with these significant inscriptions: "Here lived Alexander von Humboldt 1791-7." "Here lived Schiller," and here Luther and Melanchthon and

Justus Jonas; here Bernhard the Great; Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, and Schopenhauer among philosophers; De Wette, Eichhorn, Griesbach, and Paulus among theologians; Hufeland, Loder, Oken, Droysen, and Seebeck, down to Haeckel, Bohtlingk, and Sievers, and the many eminent scholars of to-day. The university of Jena was founded to be the support of Protestantism when Wittenberg seemed lost to the cause through the defection of Maurice of Saxony.

History tells us that when the Elector John Frederick was conducted a prisoner through Jena, his lands, title, and dignity lost, he rested for a few hours in the present Burgkeller on the market-place.

Though a captive to the mightiest emperor of history, and in the midst of an army of nineteen thousand Spanish soldiers, he did not lose courage, but planned the founding of a university in the very place which witnessed his misfortune. Upon his return to the city after five years of imprisonment, his joy knew no bounds when he caught sight of the first students who came to welcome his return, and he cried out, "Ho, brother Studium!" a term which became the common name for a student in this university. Thus, in the smoke of conflict, this school of learning arose. It serves admirably to illustrate the influence which a single university may exert in contributing to a nation's culture. In the eighteenth century alone fifty thousand students enjoyed its instruction.

Life in Jena has always had an especial attraction for students; there is a peculiar *Gemüthlichkeit* in the place and in its surroundings which lingers long in the memory of those who have studied there. Goethe called it "a charming nest of folly." There is a free open-air existence, and a peculiar independence has always characterized the university life. A love of liberty bore the students into the conflict for the freedom of Germany, and here the *Burschenschaft* arose; with its motto of "Honor, Freedom, and Father-land." Beneath it was a pure and ardent purpose which contained the promise of the future; and we may trace in this patriotic impulse the beginning of those conflicts which moved public opinion, and shook the thrones of Germany until a form of constitutional government was obtained.

Every literary or religious or political movement that has affected the nation has been first felt in the universities, which have been the centres of a free intellectual life.

That significant direction which bears the name of Romanticism manifested itself in its most marked development in Jena. There at the close of the last century were gathered Tieck, the Schlegels, Brentano, and Novalis, its leading representatives. This impulse turned the tide of thought to the German past, to a venerable historic Church, and to the songs and legends of chivalry. The aim to unite poetry and practical life, art and science, in spite of its mysticism and vague aspirations, undefined to itself, led the way to the study of the laws, mythology, and languages of the Germanic people; it called attention to Gothic architecture, and introduced the study of Cervantes, Dante, and Shakespeare, and enriched the language with a multitude of poetic forms. It guided as well as was led by the philosophic thought of Fichte and Schelling and Schleiermacher, and attracted the Grimms and the Humboldts by the charm of its influence. The presence of Goethe and Schiller and the Jena philosophers and scientists attracted the youth from all parts of Germany. The quiet university town, now enlivened by students in their gay caps and ribbons and festal processions, bears few traces of the controversies of those past days, when some issue of the Jena press or of the *Literatur-Zeitung* went like an electric flash throughout the land, rousing alike patriotic impulses and theological and philosophical enmity. The influential position which this university occupied at this time shows how any American university which gathered about it the ablest scholars might not merely add to learning, but produce impulses which should affect national thought on all questions, whether literary or political.

Many interests bound Weimar and Jena together. Goethe exercised a general supervision over the scientific collections and museums, and scholars and authors resided there in whose intercourse he took the deepest pleasure, when weary of the cares of office he came here for rest and for the unconstrained enjoyment of friendship. Schiller wrote: "Whatever Goethe has accomplished in the last four or five years has had its origin in Jena. It is his misfortune that he cannot work in Weimar." In the little inn of the "Fir Free," at the end of the long bridge which crosses the Saale, connecting Jena and Kamsdorf, he resided for many months at a time. A few years ago the walls of his room were still covered with columns of meteorological observations, which he had a passion for recording in the most convenient place.

Here he wrote the *Fischer* and the *Erlking*, and here, following the War of Liberation, the *Burschenschaft* was founded. As I returned one evening after watching the sunset through the hollow windows of Kunitzburg, my way led along the river. In the gathering gloom the mists gave a ghostly aspect to the great alders on the banks. It was the atmosphere of that weird poem the *Erlking*, and I found later that the poem was written by Goethe after just such a walk, returning late to his inn over the same route.

In the castle, which now contains the scientific collections, he wrote *Hermann and Dorothea*, "shaking the bough lightly, while the ripe fruit dropped at once, far surpassing all our art," as Schiller wrote. The friend whose acquaintance extended over the greater portion of his life, who resided here, was that brusque, honest republican, the Major Von Knebel, the Nestor of the Weimar circle, who had laid down the sword to devote himself to his favorite classics. He translated with great fidelity and grace Propertius, and a part of Lucretius. He had a pleasant home in Jena, with a garden extending to the banks of the Saale. Goethe summoned his old friend to their daily walk by clapping his hands under his window. The family of Von Knebel still resided here, and their house has many interesting relics of the time in letters, portraits, and original drawings by Goethe and the young princesses of the Weimar court.

Goethe's personal beauty, which was such that when a student at Strasburg people "laid down their knives at table to look at him," was matched in his later life by a most majestic bearing. It was inherited in part from his father, and was his only protection from the universal demands which were made upon him. To his friends he was the personification of gentleness, to curious strangers, reserved and distant. Crabb Robinson describes him as he saw him first. In Goethe he "beheld a man of terrific dignity, a penetrating and insupportable eye, a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips." Though not above the middle height, those who knew him well have described him to me as very tall.

In Jena he was at ease among his friends. In no family was he more intimate than in that of Frommann the bookseller, whose son, the aged Dr. Frommann, has but recently passed away. I often found him among his books, and he was never weary of conversing upon a past full of experiences and delightful memories. As a student he participated in that famous patriotic gathering upon the Wartburg in 1817, upon the three-hundredth jubilee of the Reformation, whose object was to form a general student league throughout Germany. It ended, as is known, in the sternest measures of repression on the part of the German government. The murder of Kotzebue at Mannheim by the student Sand followed the Wartburg festival. Dr. Frommann has written a defense of the purposes of the *Burschenschaft*, and of the meeting at Eisenach.

Minna Herzlieb was his foster-sister. She has been considered as the beloved of Goethe, the inspirer of the *Elective Affinities*, and of numerous sonnets. Many remember her still, for her life extended into that of the present generation. She was an ardent, sensitive girl, who even while young possessed many morbid characteristics, joined, however, to a winning kindliness and readiness to sacrifice herself for others. Goethe was the esteemed friend of the family, and had watched her growth from childhood; he could not fail to be interested in her character. She looked upon him with unbounded reverence. The relation of a patron, of a friend, may have hinted in the young girl's heart of other things, but of this we may not be certain. Goethe sent to her trifling presents and copies of his works; he wrote poems for her, some ingenious and some that touched many of the cords of human passion. She may have suggested some of the deep thoughts of his novel. Whether her early experience made happiness in later days impossible, we cannot say; we only know that there are natures too sensitive, too ideal, to find in common things a satisfying joy.

The friendship of the two families always continued, and at the poet's death Dr. Frommann stood beside his body as a guard when his countrymen came to look upon him for the last time.

Schiller's permanent residence in Jena began with his appointment as Professor Extraordinarius of history in the university. His studies had already been directed to the field of history, and his *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands*, and his brilliant sketch of the *Life of Egmont* had been published. He had shown his power in graphic description, and in glowing historical portraiture, mingled with philosophical generalizations. If there was occasionally a touch too artistic, too rhetorical, it was forgotten in his fervid narration. His early fame had rested upon dramas, which were in revolt against established opinions. His later studies broadened his views, and caused him to seek the principles which underlie historical events. His life as a professor is often forgotten in that of the poet. He had led a wandering life, now fleeing from an odious military service, and now from the censure evoked by his writings. His support would have been doubtful had it not been for the generous refuge extended to him in the families of friends. He was burdened with a title whose dignity aided and embarrassed him, for it demanded expenses beyond his means. He found the support which literature alone yielded as doubtful as many have found it since. The offer of a professorship promised relief and opportunity for study in his chosen field. Without the special training of a scholar of those days, he was to lecture in competition with the ablest professors. His reliance upon his brilliant gifts to win for him the glamour of success, as well as his shy and awkward pride, are admirably shown in a letter describing his first lecture. At that time the custom for professors to lecture in their own houses or in hired auditoriums still prevailed, public lecture-rooms being only in a few cases provided. He says: "Day before yesterday I encountered the peril of the rostrum gloriously and bravely, and repeated it yesterday. I lecture only twice a week, and upon two days in succession, so that I have five days entirely free. I appointed Reinhold's lecture-room for my *début*. It is of moderate size, and has seats for about eighty persons, but will contain more than a hundred in all. I lecture in the evening from six to seven. At half past five the room was full. From Reinhold's window I saw troop after troop in endless succession ascending the street. Although I was not entirely free from fear, yet I found satisfaction in the increasing multitude, and my courage grew apace. I had steeled myself to a certain fortitude, which was strengthened by the thought that my lecture need not shun comparison with any other delivered from any desk in Jena, and that I should be recognized as superior by all who heard me. But the throng increased gradually, so that vestibule, hall, and staircase were crowded, and large numbers went away. It was suggested that I should choose another auditorium. I caused the proposal to be made that I should lecture in Griesbach's house. It was accepted, and all rushed out and in a gay throng down the Johannes Strasse; this is one of the longest streets in Jena, and was entirely filled with students. As all ran in order to obtain a good seat in Griesbach's lecture-room, a tumult arose. Some thought it was an alarm of fire, and the guard at the castle was drawn up. 'What is it?' 'What is the matter?' every one cried. It was answered, 'The new professor is going to lecture.' Chance contributed to make my opening very brilliant. I followed slowly, and felt as though I had to run a gauntlet of lances, as I walked almost the entire length of the city. Griesbach's auditorium is the largest, and when it is crowded will contain between three and four hundred persons. It was full this time, so that a vestibule and hall were occupied as far as the street door, and many stood on the lower seats in the lecture-room. I passed through an avenue of spectators and students, and could scarcely find the desk. I ascended it amid rapping, which is here considered applause. With the first ten words, which I uttered firmly, I was completely master of my countenance, and read with a strength and assurance of tone which surprised myself. My lecture made an impression, and was talked about throughout the evening. I received a serenade from the students, which is not common."

With his first lecture the popular author had won the student world. Soon after he was married in the little church of Weingen-jena, a little hamlet across the river from the city. It is a plain, almost minute building with a lofty gable, dating back more than four hundred years, to Catholic times. Then it was the Church of Our Lady, and the little bell which rang the Gloria during the mass still hangs at the right of the altar. The portal of the church, once of pure Gothic, and a fine stained-glass window bear witness to former splendor. In this little church, with closed doors, Schiller was married, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, "simply," as he says, "on account of the expense." An additional reason for not having the ceremony performed in one of the city churches was perhaps to avoid the general stir among the professors and students. While we were examining the church the pastor himself crossed the way and joined us. He brought the "Church book," in order that we might see the record of the marriage of Friedrich Schiller, Hofrath of Saxe-Meiningen, with Charlotte von Lengefeld. He told us that marriages with closed doors were still a common occurrence in that vicinity.

Schiller's life as a professor, which lasted formally ten years, was continually interrupted by illness, which arose from his delicate constitution and the irregularity with which he worked. The personal influence over students anticipated in his appointment was fully realized. His powers were more brilliantly displayed in engaging philosophical conversation than in a chair of formal instruction, and he gathered about him a group of enthusiastic young men, many of whom dined at his table. He sought to diversify his life, relieving the intensity of study by fresh contact with others. From this originated the well-known statement that Lottie took boarders. He purchased a quiet residence removed from the centre of the city, with a garden extending back to the Leutra brook, a little stream that comes down from the hills which open toward Weimar. The house is now the property of the university, and is occupied by the Director of the Astronomical Observatory, that stands upon the grounds. Scherr finds a curious coincidence in the fact that on the spot where Schiller studied black-letter books in order to describe the character of Reni the astrologer, and his baleful influence over Wallenstein, the regular movements of the planets are now watched to determine their everlasting laws in the light of modern science. Some of the most fruitful years of Schiller's life were passed here. He built a garden-house on the banks of the stream, for he loved to work undisturbed and where he could not hear the "noise of the wheels of domestic affairs." Opposite lay the Hausberg, whose gray sides grew warm and rosy in the morning light. This is the mountain whose shining summit Schiller greets in his poem of the "Spaziergang," which is a picture of the scenery about Jena. Apart from its philosophical contents the poem possesses a perpetual charm in the freshness of its description and the love of nature which it reveals. The lordly rows of poplars, the banded fields, once peculiar to Frankish agriculture, the hills, the vineyards, the river with its rafts, the city with its towers and picturesque gateways, are all here. Upon the crest of the mountain are the ruins of three famous robber castles. From the central one rises the lofty Fox Tower, from which, in the old days of cruel warfare, was hung an iron cage, in which the Margrave Henry of Meissen confined his cousin for a year long, "that the flies and wasps might the better torment him." Napoleon ascended this tower in order to survey the Prussian position before the battle of Jena, and the mountain long bore his name.

A round stone table stands under the trees in the garden, at which Schiller and Goethe sat when they planned the *Xenien*, those "foxes that, with firebrands fastened to their tails, ran through the harvest-fields of the Philistines." "By this old stone table," says Goethe, "we have sat and talked many an hour, and uttered many a good and great thought." An immense bowlder marks the spot where Schiller wrote "Wallenstein." The Kirchenrath Hase, the biographer of Caroline von Wolzogen, participated in placing this memorial here. In describing his share in it he said to me: "I think a cheaper monument does not exist. We were an enthusiastic company, and knowing of this giant stone, we had it removed to this spot, and the words cut in it, 'Here Schiller wrote Wallenstein.' The whole cost did not exceed twenty-four dollars."

Here that wonderful quickening intercourse took place which bound the two poets heart to heart. "Goethe is in Jena," wrote Schiller, "and we sit from five o'clock in the evening till twelve or one o'clock at night and chat;" and the conversation was strenuous, directed to an end, and not as light as the words imply. It was of such days as these that Goethe said of Schiller: "There was something terrific in his progress; if you had not met him for a week, you found him quite changed, and did not know what to make of him for astonishment. He went forward unceasingly until his forty-sixth year, and then came the end. He forced himself to work for days and weeks when he was not well, with the view of making his powers obey him, and be at all times at his command." Schiller said of Goethe—if it were necessary to accumulate evidence of his unremitting industry—that every moment which he called spent in leisure was filled with an activity which others would regard as severe labor. On journeys upon official business he carried his manuscripts; and at Ilmenau we find days of active exertion followed by nights of labor. Work late at night, while common with Schiller, was not usual with Goethe, who retired early and rose early through the greater part of his life. His activity was calm, sustained, like one having an infinite lease of time; while Schiller worked with restless energy, as though he knew that his years were limited.

When the two friends were separated even by the short distance of Weimar from Jena, the same continuous intercourse was maintained by letters; and it was fortunate for us that they were separated, otherwise we should not have had that correspondence, so rich in friendship and so valuable and inspiring in criticism. The *Botenfrau* was, and is now, in some parts of Germany a necessity in communication; mails and telegraphs have not abolished her. She made regular trips, which are curiously announced in the calendars of the time; the date of her departure and return are exactly specified. She travelled with a basket strapped to her shoulders, and a pouch at her waist for valuables, bearing letters, packages, and provisions. Through storm and sunshine she went her way, a familiar sight, and everywhere a welcome arrival. Her picture, which is worthy to be perpetuated, may be found in some of the Weimar publications of that day. She bore learned manuscripts from the professors, and wicked Xenien, with impartial indifference to friend and foe.

The relation which existed between Goethe and Schiller has never been surpassed in freedom from envy and cordial helpfulness. The thoughts of one were always at the disposal of the other, and even the material which had, in some cases, been collected. Goethe freely transferred to Schiller his plan for a drama of *William Tell*, though he had carried it long in his mind, and "had begun to hum some of the hexameters."

In friendly rivalry the ballad contest was entered which gave a name to one year of Schiller's literary activity in Jena, the "ballad year." Whether greatness be always conscious of itself may be questioned, but some of the greatest productions of the human intellect have been found great to the surprise of their authors. Goethe was conscious of his greatness; this consciousness and his very nature lifted him above envy. He would say:

> "Many paths my feet have wandered,
> That of envy left untrod."

His conversations, of which so many have been reported, his letters and criticisms, are altogether free from this poison. In youth he warred against the aristocratic delicacy of the Berlin school, but it was the healthy, vigorous contest of a young intellect against what was false and unnatural in literature. There were cabals and plots innumerable to destroy his reputation and to bring his works into discredit. He outgrew the morbid sensationalism of *Werther*, which was hailed so rapturously by a diseased time. There came a clearing-up time in his soul, when his strong and healthy nature asserted itself.

No life has mirrored its constant changes and growth more frankly than Goethe has done in his autobiography and correspondence. All lives become helpful in proportion as they are self-revealing. There is the unconscious depiction of imperfect views which were corrected by later experience, the gradual advance into clearer knowledge.

Charming points lie all around Jena, involving a mountain climb, and affording at the end views over endless spaces of blue mountains. Back of the city rises the Landgrafenberg "Battle Mountain." The ascent is by a narrow stony path between vineyards. A single glance from the summit shows the supreme folly of the Prussian general, and the necessity of the defeat which followed. He chose an apparently commanding position overlooking two valleys, both of which might be lines of approach of the enemy. But the plateau upon which his army was drawn up was pierced for miles with numerous lateral valleys, affording the most perfect facility for the approach of an army upon either flank. Napoleon ascended the steep brow of the mountain to a little eminence from which he could survey the field of battle. Two divisions of his army marched steadily around to the rear of the Prussian position, and the absolute destruction of the German army, in spite of its desperate hopeless bravery, could not be averted.

But from this point we can look away to other fields where deathless glory has been won: to Weissenfels; to Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus fell; to Rossbach, where Frederick the Great conquered the French and the Austrians; to Gross-Görschen, where Scharnhorst fell. To the west, apparently at the end of the valley, rises the im-